

THE BALTIMORE UNDERGROUND JOURNAL

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# harry



*RICHARD NIXON:  
IF YOU DON'T  
BRING THE G.I.'S  
HOME  
FROM VIETNAM.  
THEY'RE GOING  
TO COME HOME  
ALL BY THEMSELVES.*

*Curtis C. Stocker, USA*



THE MAKING OF  
AN AMERICAN FIGHTING MAN

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## F B I Chief Cites Value of Newspaper Carrier Training

In a message to newspaper carriers, J. Edgar Hoover, Director of Federal Bureau of Investigation says—

"All Americans should be truly grateful to our newspaperboys for their contribution to our society.

Good citizenship in a democracy requires painstaking preparation on the part of our youth. Our young people, if they are to fulfill their future obligations to our society, must be willing to be of service to the community. They must learn to always respect the rights and the property of others. Honesty, a sense of fair play and industriousness are necessary traits for those who would become useful citizens.



J. Edgar Hoover

# WHERE WE'RE AT

(A PARTIAL LIST)

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HELL BENT FOR LEATHER  
243 W. Read St.

## IN THIS ISSUE

We are proud to present STUDENTS AS NIGGERS, by Jerry Farber, beginning on page 8. This piece is a classic in underground journalism — read it. There may be a surprise quiz on it next week which will count as 21.3% of your final grade.

Beginning on page 3, we have THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN FIGHTING MAN, which might have been called "Soldiers as Niggers." Immediately following, on page 5, is a report on the local GI protest movement.

The latest antics in the Chicago Conspiracy non-trial are on pages 6 and 7. Local and national news, including news of the straight world (for all you trivia freaks), is on pages 10 and 11 and scattered around on other pages where we had left-over space.

On pages 12 and 13, we present the further adventures of Arturo S. Pinos, Draft Dodger. Those of you who saw our first issue know that this freak is out of sight. Those of you who didn't will soon

find out.

Page 14 is poetry by David Eberhardt, of the Baltimore Four.

On Page 15 we present the first of a series of articles on local rock groups.

Elliott Sirkin gives his view of the best movies of 1969 on page 16 — just so you know what you missed.

More music on page 18, including classical music (to show how culchered we is.)

On page 19 we have the local TV listings. We suggest you get good and stoned, turn on the picture (with no sound), and put the Jefferson Airplane or Jimi Hendrix or something like that on the stereo. For a real trip (especially with a color TV) play with the little knobs on the back of the set.

Welcome aboard. We hope you enjoy your trip.

Love,  
HARRY

# THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN FIGHTING MAN

LIBERATION News Service

**DRILL SERGEANT:** When you left your home, you were in your mother's care, now you're in MY care. From now on, every time you move, breathe, piss or blow your nose it will be what I tell you to do. From now on you will do as you're told, and that is the ONLY way you will do. IS THAT CLEAR?!!!

**TRAINEES:** (In chorus): YES SIR!!!

**DRILL SERGEANT:** Maybe you didn't hear me so good - I SAID IS THAT CLEAR?!!!

**TRAINEES:** YES SIR!!!

-from a tape of Marine Training

"They try to terrorize you right off the bat," says Steve Boyd, a 20-year-old Vietnam veteran, son of a Hartford, Conn. machine shop foreman. "They put you in an atmosphere of complete fear. They isolate you, strip you of your identity. They tell you to stop thinking - they tell you THEY'LL do your thinking for you. Let the Army be your mind."

Steve is leaning back on a rusty folding chair in one of the GI-movement coffee houses that have sprung up at most of the major Army bases across the country. He pushes his fatigue cap back on his head, a short shock of freshly-grown yellow hair falls into his serious face. "That's why they shave your head - to take away anything that has to do with the way you want to be. They cut you off from anything that reminds you of who you used to be."

"People don't realize why soldiers march," says Staff Sergeant Rick Williams, a husky, quiet-spoken soldier of Southern poor-white origin. "It's because when you march you don't have a mind of your own. You can't think about a right face before you get the order, or you'll do it before it's time. Once you get a soldier to march, you can get him to do just about anything you tell him."

Williams, whose father was a Marine Sergeant, has been in the Army for seven years, and commanded a combat platoon in Vietnam. He was a guard at the notorious Long Binh Army stockade. "The idea of Basic Training is to tear you completely and suddenly away from everything that is part of your identity. They shave your head, take away your clothes, make you send home all your belongings, give you all the same clothes - everything to tell you that you're no longer an individual - you're a company, and your conscience happens to be the company commander."

**DRILL INSTRUCTOR:** Today you will eat your first meal in the Army. I will run you in two lines. This is known as a chow line. You will take one tray per man. The next thing you will see are bins. In these bins are knives, forks and spoons. Each man will take one knife, one fork and one spoon. You will put them in your right hand. You will hold your tray in both hands. The next thing you see will be a cup. You will put this in your left hand. You will not talk. You will march straight in. You will stand until the order "ready seats." When you go into a chow hall you eat everything you take. When you are through eating you will march outside. You will eat and get out of the mess-hall - you will not sit and talk. When you get outside, you will get into two formations and stand at attention until you see: DI [Drill Instructor] gets outside. Everyone will be outside when I get outside. IS THAT CLEAR?!!!

"It's like crossing a threshold into a totally new world - and you have no idea what you're headed for," says another soldier. "The first thing they say is 'you will now form up.' You don't even know what a formation is, but they purposely give you orders you can't obey, and then they yell at you for making a mistake - so you'll learn to be responsive. The idea is to let you know right away that you are in the total control and power of an organized structure."

"The main thing," says a big, burly blond soldier, "is fear. You realize that they can do anything they want to you."

"There was this one guy - I think he was mentally sick - that the DI used to pick out. Once, before inspection, the DI hid a coat hanger under this guy's mattress. At inspection, he found it. 'Starr,' (that was the guy's name) 'you're in the Army now. You can't hide shit under your mattress,' he said, and beat the shit out of him. Then he tore up the whole room, throwing all our stuff around and told us he'd be back to inspect it again in two minutes."

"Another time, the DI beat the shit out of this same guy and when he finally collapsed he kicked him in the stomach so he puked. Then he opened the door into where we were all watching a propaganda movie, stopped the movie and turned on the lights so we could all see Starr lying in his puke. 'I want you men to look at something,' he said, 'I want you to see the kind of trash we have to put up with.'"

"There was only one guy, a black guy, who belted a DI back - knocked him right on his ass. The DI went downstairs and got three other sergeants. They held him and beat him for fifteen minutes. He was a little ball lying on the

floor. They told him to 'get out' - he couldn't walk - tried to crawl out - they kicked him and he fell on his face. He puked blood for a few days. They wouldn't let him see a medic."

"They consciously keep you confused and exhausted to lower your resistance," says Steve. "Like they'll have seven fire drills in one night, the first one two minutes after you get to bed. They purposely give you obviously meaningless things to do - like clean things over and over that are already clean - just so you get used to not thinking that there has to be a reason for doing something - you do it BECAUSE YOU ARE TOLD."

"Your footlocker has a 'personal area' the size of a cigar box," says an Airman. "That's all the personal property you're allowed - you can keep five letters that you've been sent a week - if you get more you have to throw them out. All the rest of your footlocker is designated space - socks here, shorts here, etc. In the center are your stripes, in a certain position, held together with a rubber band. When training is over you will have the 'honor' of wearing them. This is just to give you something to look forward to. You are told how to fold your things. They must be 'flush' and 'single edged.' They give you a 4 by 6 notebook to use as a guide to measure your folding."

"It takes you a while to grasp that they are serious about it," continues the shy young Airman, a sociology instructor before enlisting to avoid the draft. (He was chosen by his Training Instructor, to be 'House Mouse.' "The House Mouse gets to clean the Training Instructor's boots, wash his dishes, make his bed, do his paperwork," he explains.) "But pretty soon you realize they're deadly serious about it. Once my T.I. came in and said, 'I hope I'm not going to find anything

wrong in your locker, because if I do you're going to eat it - AREN'T YOU. SIMMONS?!!!" One of my laundry marks wasn't centered and he literally made me pretend to eat it."

**DRILL INSTRUCTOR:** This afternoon you dropped your rifle.

**TRAINEE:** Yes, sir.

**D.I.:** A marine and his rifle are the best weapon in the world. You are not a marine yet, and I doubt if you ever will be one, but I'll clue you boy, you had best NEVER drop your rifle. You had best take better care of your rifle than you ever thought of taking care of yourself. You got that?

**D.I.:** You had to drop it, huh?

**T.:** No, sir!

**D.I.:** What do you mean no sir, you dropped it didn't you?

**T.:** Yes, sir!

**D.I.:** Are you calling me a liar?

**T.:** No, sir!

**D.I.:** Then why did you have to drop that rifle?

**T.:** I don't know, sir!

**D.I.:** What do you mean, you don't know sir. Look, your job is to become a good marine. You had better get with the program.

"The way they totally degrade you - treat you like dirt and make you kiss the DI's ass - it builds up a tremendous hate that just builds and builds up inside you because you can't let it out," Steve Boyd explains. "I guess they figure if they can build up enough hate in you, you'll fall right into their stuff."

**DRILL INSTRUCTOR:** You people are out here for your third phase of bayonet training. Now remember one thing: on the bayonet course we only teach the art of killing, and that's all.

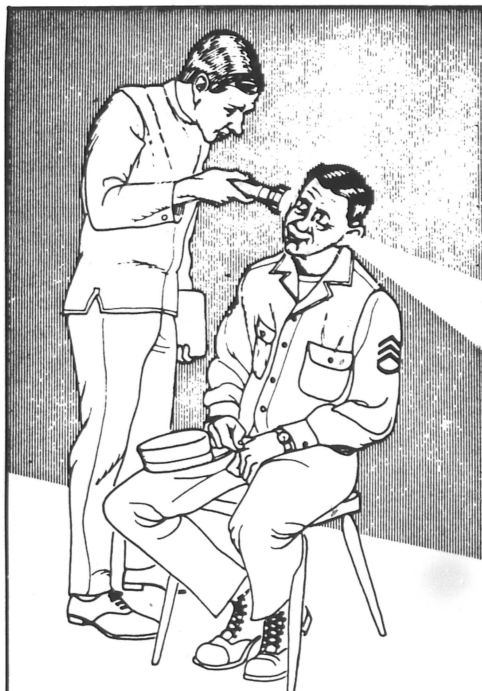
That's what I like to see - a little man get out here and do something. That's all it takes. It's not how big you are, it's how good and aggressive you are. Make some noise and swing that blade - realize you want to cut somebody's head right off his shoulders.

"At first you don't actually realize the hate coming out in you," says Steve. "You notice it when you go home on your first leave. Your whole philosophy becomes 'I don't give a fuck.' You're quicker than you ever were to have spurts of violence and get into fights."

"Then when you go back to the Army, it's like sinking deeper and deeper into depression every mile you get closer to base. All the things you started to gain back in two weeks - your personal insights, your feelings, everything you relate with on the outside - you feel it slowly slipping away from you. That's why guys hang on to little symbols, like beads and stuff - it's a way to relate yourself to your feelings - because all you believe in is becoming buried inside you."

"Then they take all this fear and hate and relate it to Vietnam. The DIs tell you horror stories: 'Over in Nam, if you don't get Charlie before he gets you, he'll cut your nuts off. We used to take the gooks up in helicopters to question them. If they answered, we'd push them out anyway,' and another time, he told us about 'my buddy who flipped out and blew away some gook women and babies - he really did them a job - outasight!!' And

continued on pg. 4



"Aha! Another career man."

you're in such a state of mind - you're not human anymore - they strip you of all personal feelings - you're in such a trance or fucked up condition you laugh right along with him - you don't actually see what he's saying and think about it.

"One thing they keep trying to build up in your mind is that the people you're going to fight are sadistic and inhuman, and you should show them no kindness. They keep telling you you can't trust any of them. They tell you that the Vietcong tie bombs right onto babies and explode you and the baby.

"I begin to realize now, the DI's life is totally miserable too. A man wouldn't choose a job like that - it's mostly guys with no education - people who this society doesn't offer any decent alternative. It's about the only thing some of these guys could do to gain the 'respect' of their society. Society twists them up, and then they let all their problems out on you. Like eight weeks into my training my Drill Sergeant cracked up completely. He beat up his wife - put her in the hospital - and psyched out. They put him in the hospital and we got a new one.

"All that bayonet training stuff," says Sgt. Rick Williams, "is just part of the general psych - to get you in a kill mood. They make you yell 'Kill, kill, kill!' and plunge your bayonet into dummies. They want you to get used to not thinking about it. When somebody says kill; you kill. They don't even use bayonets in Nam - at least they didn't when I was there - it was just to psych people to kill.

"You get to where it seems the best way to deal with a problem is to wipe it out, silence it, put it away from you so you can't see it - even if it still exists.

"After basic, you either have to use that hate, or try to get rid of it. If somebody calls you a name, you jump on him. As if it would make him think you were not what he called you."

"The Army plays on your fear and your ignorance. I don't mean stupidity, I mean ignorance. They make sure you're ignorant of what they're gonna do to you next - where you're gonna go, etc."

"Before guys go in, they should educate themselves about the consequences of certain actions - to fight the fear of the unknown. And they should cope with the fear of the stockade - so it no longer seems like the final blow. Once you know that, you can deal with it."

"It's a basic struggle. You have to remember who and what you were before you went into the Army. But that's hard - not too many people know - and if you don't, the Army tells you who you are."

"I got sucked in - I was one of their puppets," says Dave Rossi. Rossi is a Military Police Sergeant E-5, a big, clean-cut



"Hey Joe, our unit's being withdrawn!"

guy, a Vietnam veteran, and until he started speaking out against stockade atrocities, a stockade guard both in Nam and in the U.S.

"I was so dedicated I became team leader and assistant squad leader. I really made guys do the military thing. I was good at it. I used more tact, treated guys better - but it was the same thing - still the fear thing because they knew if they didn't do what I said they were in trouble."

"How do you get into that mentality? They take EVERYTHING away from you. They shave your head, strip you of all identity, take away your clothes, you're naked and scared in a totally new environment. Every hour they hit you with something new. All you ever get called is shit-head or faggot, or girl - they degrade you so much that you need to do something to prove yourself - to gain some self-respect. Doing good at their thing is the only way you can distinguish yourself."

"They told me if I did this stuff I was a MAN. And I believed them.

"But really I was so scared and miserable...can you believe I refused to go back home when my brother was dying - I was so scared they would recycle me through basic training again if I missed time.

"You see I was the all-American boy from Baltimore. My parents are like suburban upper-middle class - I joined the Army because I got bored with school. My hair was never any longer than it is

now," he runs his fingers through his close cropped blond hair. "Only the sideburns are new. I was gonna become a career officer and save my country from communism, except I fell asleep during my CO test at 4:30 in the morning. I went to a real strict all-Catholic school - everything in my life prepared me to try to succeed at whatever I was told to do - the Army was just a little more so.

"I first started to get disgusted with the Army when I was a stockade guard.

"The first thing they teach you is to fear the prisoners - so your immediate reaction is to scare the prisoners. That's why some of the stockade guards are so brutal. That was three years ago. Nowadays, the prisoners aren't scared anymore they're together - it's beautiful.

"I was a tower guard. Would I have shot a prisoner trying to escape?" (he thinks a minute). "Yeah, sure - it was my job. I wasn't about to question my job then."

"I especially remember one prisoner. He was a Mexican immigrant. A grape picker from Michigan - hardly spoke any English. They kept him in seg (solitary confinement) for 82 days on nothing but rabbit food. He got kind of crazy. He tore his blanket in half one night. So they gave him only half a blanket. He tore that up, so they took it away, and took away his clothes too.

"He got a hold of a razor blade one day and cut off all his hair - I don't know why. He'd howl all night. The guards used to put the hose on him and beat him 'til he shut up. One day he tried to burn all his hair off. He really burned himself pretty bad. I remember I sprayed him with the hose. But it wasn't like to help him - it was like for a joke - 'Hah, hah, you're on fire; hah, hah, now you're wet.' It was pretty lousy, I guess.

"Then I volunteered for Nam - I wanted a change of scene. I guess I thought it would be exciting or something.

"The first thing I noticed over there

was the corruption. All the U.S. officers getting rich on the black market - and the way the South Vietnamese national and military police were just a bunch of goons, beating the shit out of their own people - these were people we were supposed to be defending.

"But I still kept saying, 'It's O.K., it's O.K., they can do it' - only after a while it's not O.K. anymore.

"One thing that helped was good ole marijuana. The first time I smoked it was in Nam. I couldn't understand why it was illegal - this wasn't anything wrong. Grass helps you realize what's important and what's not. It lets you pull yourself out of a situation and look down at it and say, 'What is this shit.' And then you come down again and you object.

"I think it would have happened anyway, but it helped me see us being in Nam for what it was - nothing but a money-making motherfucker.

"I shot at people - I can't tell if I actually killed any, but I was trying.

"Could I have done what the guys at Songmy did?" (He gets very serious, thinks a minute.)

"Yes, I think I could have done it. I'm talking about the way I was then, you understand - but not a baby - I kind of contradict myself I guess - I don't really think so. Well, if ordered to kill someone, I guess I would have."

*Let us assume we lose Indochina. The tin and tungsten that we so greatly value from that area would cease coming. So when the U.S. votes \$400 million to help that war we are not voting a give-away program. We are voting for the cheapest way to prevent the occurrence of something that would be of the most terrible significance to our power and ability to get certain things we need from the riches of Indochina.*

-President Eisenhower, 1953

About half of Vietnam is a "free fire zone," Steve Boyd explains. "I spent all of my time in Nam in free fire zones. That's a place where there are supposed to be no allies or peaceful people. Anything you see - shoot it. It puts you under unbelievable tension - you're nervous every second, you can't sleep at night - you find yourself constantly shaking.

"My buddy would sometimes spend the whole night whining, 'Mom, Mom, please help me.' In the dark, anything that moves - shoot it. The villagers are supposed to have a curfew.

"You just try to keep alive. All you think about is getting out of there - everybody just counts the days.

"You just live in a world of fear of every gook that's around. You catch on pretty quick that the Vietcong has the support of practically all the villagers.

## HOW DO YOU RATE AS A U.S. FIELD COMMANDER IN VIETNAM?

### PART I: ABILITY TO RECOGNIZE THE ENEMY

HOW MANY VIET-CONG TERRORISTS, POSING AS INNOCENT CIVILIANS, CAN YOU DETECT IN THIS SEEMINGLY PEACEFUL VILLAGE OF 26 PEOPLE?

CHECK ONE  
A ☐ NONE D ☐ 15 TO 155  
B ☐ 1 TO 5 E ☐ 16 TO 20  
C ☐ 6 TO 10 F ☐ 21 TO 206

SEE BELOW FOR ANSWER AND RATING

### ANSWER

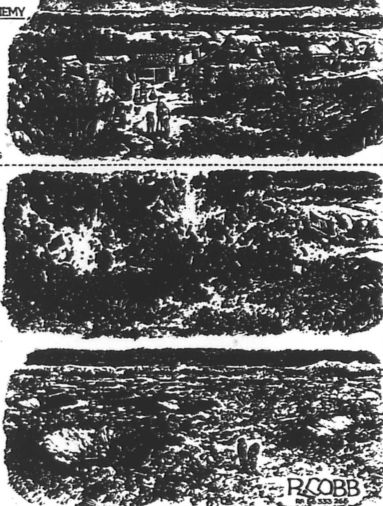
8-50 HIGH ALTITUDE - PRECISION BOMBING - RETAIL A COURT OF-  
TONGK LIA S22 QNY  
SHYUANG J22000012

ONCE AGAIN PROVING HOW DE-  
CEITFULLY BRAVE AND AMBIGUOUS  
CAN BE IN THIS COMRADELY WAR  
OF COMRADESHIP AGAINST SCUM  
AGAINST THE FREEDOM LOVING  
PEOPLE OF SOUTH VIETNAM.

### RATING

A - FORTSET IT'S YOU NO WIN PEACE  
FOUR  
B - BLEEDING HEART APPEALER  
C - PSEUDO-INTELLECTUAL  
D - TOO WISPY-NEAR  
E - NOT BAD... BUT YOU'VE STILL  
GOT A LOT TO LEARN  
F - YOU'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES:  
CHRISTIAN ANTI COMMUNISM  
BROTHERHOOD!

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"Could I have done the Songmy massacre stuff?" He nods soberly, his eyes far off. "After I was hit real bad with shrapnel the first time, if I'd been told to wipe out a village, I might have done it - you're momentarily insane. In a state of battle fatigue, you straight don't give a fuck. I just had a natural hate for whatever hit me - gooks."

"When I got back home, just a little while back, I was playing golf with my father and the ball went into the woods. I was so scared - I thought somebody was gonna shoot at me - this is in Connecticut."

"EVERYBODY smokes grass over there, but mostly it's a bad kind of smoking, not like sometimes when you learn stuff. Over there the more I smoked the more I just ran away from my thoughts."

"When I got home, I was desperate for some decent reasons for things in my own mind. I got home and I realized that these people that were marching were going out of their way to bring me home."

"The hardest part is learning about how the Vietcong are really right - how they've got the support of their people. It really hurts you when you find that out - you feel really fucked up - like I did, but I wasn't aware that my subconscious mind was against it when I did it."

\* \* \*

"To make progress in this country (Vietnam), it is necessary to level everything. The inhabitants must go back to zero, lose their traditional culture, for it blocks everything."

- American diplomat in Vietnam

"The Vietcong is a powerful force which cannot be dislodged from its constituency as long as the constituency continues to exist."

-Samuel Huntington, Chairman, State Department task force on Vietnam

\* \* \*

"Over in Nam I killed my share of men - you gotta kill Charlie gook before he comes and kills you." The speaker is an AWOL ex-Marine Drill Sergeant. He was a member of the Hell's Angels motorcycle gang before he volunteered. He's a tall, thin, highstrung guy.

"I hated Charlie Cong," he says. "They really brainwashed us - showed us pictures of GIs with their heads cut off - said that's what Charlie would do to us."

"I hated all gooks. I walked into a hut once, and there was a gook woman and some kids. I just blew them all away, rat tat." He smiles a nervous, broken smile. "I watched my buddy step on a land mine. We used to push them out of helicopters all the time." He laughs nervously again. "I just kicked this one guy out with my boot like this" - he demonstrates

"I've seen bodies, and I've smelt bodies. You ever smell a burnt body? It's

not funny (he laughs). Most of us are brainwashed where we don't care.

"I was at Hell's Pass, you know, Hamburger Hill. The gung-ho captain sent 56 marines up the hill. About a dozen of them made it to the top. We were backing them up. We lost about five or six hundred men before we took that hill. Forty-eight hours later we left it."

"You better not see any brass out on the field. Never a Colonel, or a General - they know better. I watched my best buddy shoot this gung ho Lieutenant - he poured a full clip into him - five-hundred rounds. He split him right in half (he laughs), half a Lieutenant here, half a Lieutenant there."

"About half the company saw it. I just grinned. We all said Charlie did it. This gung ho motherfucker had gotten almost his whole squad wiped out while he hid behind a tree."

"I came back after getting shot at in Nam, and I get the same old shit here. They made me a DI, and I was rough. Finally, I said just cause I went through this shit is no reason they should. I got tired of sending guys to kill and sending guys to their deaths. That's why I went AWOL."

"Shit, I was walking down the block a few days ago with two big packages of groceries. I heard a car backfire and I hit the ground - groceries all over the place. People stand around and laugh - ha ha ha - only it's not funny."

"If I saw a gook walk down the street right here (he points out in the street), I'd blow him away before you could bat an eye - I'm a trained killer in the year of the pig."

\* \* \*

"When I was a guard in the Long Binh stockade, there were 23 guys there for killing their commanding officer, and 17 more on trial," says Rick Williams. "They weren't all very political guys, but they knew they were pissed off."

"My most unbelievable experience - where I really learned what communism was all about - was when I got to talk to some North Vietnamese prisoners."

"The only way I could get to talk to them was to guard them. They were in the prison hospital. There were five of them - four men and a woman. The woman had had her vagina cut out by some of Thieu's South Vietnamese soldiers. One of the five spoke English and told me what happened to her."

"I expected them to hate Americans. But she wasn't bitter - she smiled and talked to me. That's when I got my first feeling for what revolution is all about - love. They said they had no hatred for GIs - they weren't going to fall into that bag of hating."

"I asked them what I could do. They said 'demonstrate, tell people at home what's happening here. Continue the struggle at home.'"



## G.I.'s United

by Oberleutenant VonKleist

Maryland GI's are tinkering with parts to the military machine itself. As the Lottery makes a farce of Selective Service and more and more registrants seek out counseling to disrupt it, and as saboteurs mark ROTC buildings and draft complexes, GI's have also been busy, and such horror forts as Holabird, Detrick, Meade, Edgewood, Bainbridge, or Aberdeen are no longer closed to the peace movement.

In such high risk areas, however, the casualty rate is high and battle fatigue comes easy. GI's United, the Baltimore group of anti-war Servicemen, recently opened a coffee house near Fort Holabird at St. Rita's Catholic church in Dundalk and about 10 GI's came out. But parishioners had seen copies of the GI's United paper, OPEN RANKS, and objected to its 'obscenities' and 'subversive nature. They put pressure on Father Kinney, so the coffee house must find a new location in Dundalk.

Coffee houses, according to Ed Cox, a Baltimore GI's United organizer, have been hassled elsewhere around the country. There are about 6 of them, the most active of which is at Fort Dix, New Jersey. Recently organizers of a coffee house in Columbia South Carolina were arrested for "maintaining a public nuisance." Cox feels that a place where the GI's can get together to hear performers, seminars, to see films, or read movement literature is ideal for anti-war work far surpassing in interest the USO's bake-outs, or hay rides. He feels that enough money for rent would help avoid hassles from unfriendly congregations or right wing landlords. But the coffee house will be continually surveyed, or GI's warned to stay away.

Also, GI organizing faces the strains of infiltration by military intelligence and reprisals to leaders. Be it a loss of security clearance (which means loss of valuable information) or an outright discharge (often desired), the brass is quick to mess

over rebel heads. Remarks like, "I'll be glad to help if a GI wants to stay or prosecution for 'undermining morale' or 'aiding and abetting'", although GI's United organizers like George Coward are glad to make them.

Anti-military work in the Baltimore area began when Yeoman 2nd class Ed Cox on the minesweeper U.S.S. Fearless (yes), docked in the Chesapeake, first published his NEW SALUTE - an anti-war paper for GI's in the area. Members of the Baltimore Defense Committee helped Ed print and distribute his paper, OPEN RANKS, joined in and regular meetings were set. Editors of the paper of Baltimore GI's United, now OPEN RANKS, published 200 copies of the first issue, 600 copies by the 4th, most recent issue and hope to get out 1,000 copies for the next issue. 70% of the papers go to Holabird, 10% to subscribers and other GI papers, and 20% to other contacts at area installations. The monthly \$30 for the paper from the National organization 'Resist' has run out, so that the paper now functions out of the organizers' pockets. The local GI's United has an active membership of 24.

It is cheery to imagine a movement of civilians charging the fort gates to find them already cut through by GI's on the inside. It is cheery to imagine other on-base activity to protest the war - like the conscientious objector 'guinea pigs' at Edgewood refusing to undergo more tests, or the Fort Detrick workers threatening to 'germ' the Pentagon.

Yes, it's fun to speculate. But, for now not even the peace movement, much less GI's United, has much community support in Baltimore. For information and speakers, call 243-4450, or subscribe to OPEN RANKS, or lay some money on these brothers (and WACS) at:

OPEN RANKS

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Betty White      Dave Taylor  
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Saturday - January 24, 1970

8:30 P.M.

# DON'T FLUSH FOR EVERYTHING

by ABE PECK

CHICAGO — By now most everyone has an idea of the repression that's going on in America.

Fascism  
Bummer  
Genocide  
Horror show

We encounter it when we go to traffic court and hear the clerk whisper about our hair. We get an idea of what it's about when we're stopped and frisked on the street. We flash on it applying for a passport or falling in on a straight cousin's wedding or putting on a costume when things get tough and it becomes time to look for a straight job.

Some people come a bit closer to the heart of the matter. They get a chance at ten years in the penitentiary for trying to stop the war and abandon The Creeping Meatball. They get to spend ten AM to five PM on the twenty-third floor of the Federal Building, inside what Abbie Hoffman calls 'the neon oven.' And they get to suffer before Judge Julius Hoffman.

Judge Hoffman. During the three-and-one-half months of the trial, he has earned a few other names:

The Yippies called this cartoon of a man 'Mago' at the beginning of the trial, because he looked so weird and talked as if his larynx was made of sandpaper.

The Panthers called him 'Adolph Hitler Hoffman' when he bound and shackled Bobby Seale.

The people who show up every day now merely call him 'The Judge', because he's become too far out to bag with a single snappy phrase.

If National Educational Television pipped the trial into Political Science classes, every high school and college in the land would have a riot when people saw the gap between the theories they're fed in class and the reality of how the courts actually function.

Julius Hoffman is the worst priest in the worst parochial school in Chicago.

Julius Hoffman is the guy who heads up detention class.

Julius Hoffman is the truant officer.

When a defendant is sick in Julius Hoffman's court, he has to bring a note from home.

When a defendant talks at the table in Julius Hoffman's court, he risks getting his name written down in the Big Black Book (He knows if you've been good or bad.)

When a fifty-four-year-old defendant gets treated like he's six, he knows that he is in Julius Hoffman's courtroom.

Julius the Just.

'The Judge' has a vampire for an ego, and he never misses a chance to feed it. He arrested four lawyers when the trial began for withdrawing by telegram rather than flying 3,000 miles each to make ten-minute appearances. He spoke about his role as the savior of 'the Negro people of Chicago' on the same day that he sentenced Bobby Seale to four years in prison for daring to insist on being his own attorney. He nearly perished from glee when he got the chance to ORDER Richard J. Daley, the very man for whom this 'due process' is being held, to raise his voice.

The current phase of 'The Judge's' bum trip began on January 8th, when Ed Sanders, poet, author, and rock and roller, testified about the Yippies. He got 'The Judge' off his chair when he introduced himself as a 'peace creep.' He

plained that the second Yippie meeting had consisted of a half-hour's meditation in front of a Che poster followed by another half-hour during which he, Jerry Rubin, Abbie Hoffman and others strapped baggies full of ice cubes on their feet and ran about to 'toughen their soles.' He brought him full to his feet when he



revealed during a cross examination that the Yippies had planned for 'dawn ass-washing' and a giant ceremony at Soldiers Field in which 'Hubert Humphrey would confess to Allen Ginsberg's secret preference for anal intercourse.'

From then on, 'The Judge' was in the ozone. He nearly barred the next witness, Professor Don Kalish of UCLA and the National Mobilization, because he wanted to take the oath from Column B, the one without 'God' in scope of the examination. And then, just before the end of the day, he told all present that the defendants would have to use the dirty, seatless crapper in the lockup adjoining the courtroom instead of the clean, tiled shit-house down the hall.

The defendants no longer could leave the room, even if they raised their hands. The reason? Talking in the hallways?

The Great Toilet Issue came to a head Friday morning. When reading the transcript, keep the following things in mind:

'The Judge's' voice, which sounds like chalk being dragged across a blackboard and shifts from tenor to falsetto when something 'irks' him.

His appearance, which has been described as:

an aged hobbit  
a turkey

Mr. Mago

a mellow atop a pile of black sheets

The Mad Hatter (in a Chicago Bat Association play, no less)

His mannerisms. Due to his size, his face is barely visible over the table in front of him. The lightest opposition to his will turns his face from cancer white to apoplexy red and makes him rock back and forth in his chair like a cat building momentum before a pounce.

The style of Dick Schultz, government prosecutor, who operates like the kid who comes into a high school bathroom, takes a drag or a toke, and then runs to the principal to turn in the 'bad element.'

SCHULTZ: As I walked back to the counsel table, Your Honor, Mr. Rubin was laughing at me and snickering at me, and I pointed to the bathroom. I did this Your Honor —

JERRY RUBIN: He said, 'Go to the bathroom.'

SCHULTZ: Your Honor.

RUBIN: — like it was a victory for you to force us to go to the bathroom.

SCHULTZ: I said that. It was not very professional of me, Your Honor. Apparently, I succumbed a little bit to Mr. Rubin's harassment that started four

months ago, a procedure and technique they have been using on authorities and policemen all of their lives. They have been trying it on Your Honor and on Mr. Foran and myself, and I did, I succumbed, and I pointed to the bathroom, and that was improper, and I'm sorry, very sorry, very sorry that I did that.

KUNSTLER: (William Kunstler, defense attorney)...I would like to have the record show a motion for a mistrial at this time. Mr. Schultz —

THE COURT: And the record may contain the Court's order denying it, Mr. Kunstler.

KUNSTLER: You haven't even heard my argument.

THE COURT: What did you say?

KUNSTLER: You haven't even heard my argument.

THE COURT: Oh, it has so little basis...

(Len Weinglass, the other defense counsel, opens the afternoon session with a written motion for mistrial. This time the jury is not in the room.)

WEINGLASS: ...Now, Your Honor, that statement is the basis for the motion for mistrial. The Court, of course, is aware of the fact that if these seven men were on trial for an alleged bank robbery and the prosecution in the course of the trial for that bank robbery referred directly or indirectly to any prior criminal activity in the nature of bank robbery, that would be an automatic ground for a mistrial. Likewise, with these seven men

on trial allegedly for inciting to riot, the prosecutor saying in front of the jury—and the jury was in at this time—that these men have engaged in such activities before —

The Court, after Mr. Schultz made that statement, neither admonished Mr. Schultz nor directed the jury to disregard that statement. The prejudice is clear. It hasn't been wiped clean. It's in the mind of the jury. I don't think it can at this stage be eliminated...and is an adequate basis in law for a mistrial.

THE COURT: (leaning forward and yelling) Have you finished your presentation?!!

MR. WEINGLASS: I have not.

THE COURT: I asked a serious question of a lawyer, Mr. Marshal. Will you instruct the defendants at the table not to laugh out loud when I ask their lawyer a question. I shall not ask him any further questions, since I seem to provoke mirth every time I speak. Mr. Marshal, I wish you would watch that.

(The Marshal tells everyone to be quiet. After a discussion about whether or not Bobby Seale can be called as a witness, Schultz addresses himself to the Great Bathroom Incident.)

MR. SCHULTZ: ...Secondly, with regard to the motion for the mistrial as to my statements. Your Honor, since this trial began in September there have been colloquies, one-way colloquies — I guess they're soliloquies in that case — from the defense table to Mr. Foran and myself.

Cont. on pg. 7

Maxies **WHOLESALE** Furs

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**THE CONSPIRACY 8 in the act (left to right): Rennie Davis, Dave Dellinger, Jerry Rubin, Lee Weiner, Abbie Hoffman. Missing: Tom Hayden, Bobby Seale, and John Froines.**

They have been going on on a daily basis. They have been profane, they have related to our religious — that is — my religious convictions (note: Rennie Davis is alleged to have said that Schultz, a Jew, "would have been a prosecutor for the Nazis."), they have related to our morals and they have gone on on a regular basis every single day. Some days they are more intense than others. On occasion I have called them to Your Honor's attention; other times we just let them pass. When they become extraordinarily bad, they are brought to Your Honor's attention, which we have done perhaps a dozen times.

Today, as I walked back to the counsel table — this morning as I walked back Rubin was making additional comments to me and I did as I stated to Your Honor, simply pointed to the bathroom, and then HE TOLD ME THAT HE WAS GOING TO DO IT ON ME. That is what he said. Then we — instead of going to the bathroom. That was the colloquy. I said nothing.

(The defense table, all the spectators, and half the marshals are laughing.)

MR. SCHULTZ: That little colloquy is typical of what has been happening... That is the device that they use, that is the device they use against authorities and they have been trying it on Your Honor for the last three and a half months and have found it very unsuccessful. They succeeded with me momentarily this morning.

Now the comment that I made I think should be stricken. I think it should be stricken. I want to point out, though, for the record that comment was belated, it should have been said perhaps three months ago out the presence of the jury... I suggest to Your Honor that what you do very simply is when the jury comes in, very simply instruct them to disregard the colloquy... and that we proceed with the trial.

MR. WEINGLASS: ...The Government concedes it was improper, it was wrong, that the jury shouldn't have heard it. But the Government thinks that in spite of all those facts which it concedes, that this jury trial can continue, and I submit it cannot. This is such a highly improper, such a highly prejudicial flagrant disregard of the rules that I don't think this jury, having heard an Assistant United States Attorney proclaim in open court —

THE COURT: Don't argue it!  
MR. WEINGLASS: that defendants have been engaged —

THE COURT: You said you were going to take a minute to reply. I am ready to decide this motion and to act appropriately.

MR. WEINGLASS: Your Honor, if I take a few more minutes longer than the minute, I don't think that —

THE COURT: Don't tell me you are going to take a minute and then take five minutes! I want to move along here!

MR. WEINGLASS: May I make a request for another four minutes?

MR. KUNSTLER: It was exactly a minute and a half.

THE COURT: I don't need your help here, Mr. Kunstler. Your associate is making a motion. When I need your help I will call on you.

MR. KUNSTLER: He wasn't keeping the time, Your Honor.

THE COURT: He didn't call on you for help; He didn't even look at you.

MR. KUNSTLER: I sensed his call somehow.

THE COURT: Sometimes your calls are senseless.

THE MARSHALL: Mr. Hoffman —

... THE COURT: The motion of the defendants for a mistrial will be denied and in denying that motion let me say that yesterday I entered an order here forbidding the defendants from going out at their pleasure ostensibly to what has been referred to not infrequently by counsel as — "the bathroom." I have never sat in a case where lawyers mention that word as often. I wonder if you, Mr. Marshall, can keep that man quiet while I am speaking! I am trying to decide his lawyer's motion! Please go to him and tell him to keep quiet.

THE MARSHALL: Mr. Dellinger —

THE COURT: Let the record show that after I requested the Marshal to keep Mr. Dellinger quiet he laughed right out again out loud. The record may so indicate.

MR. DELLINGER: And he is laughing now too.

THE MARSHALL: And the defendant Hayden, Your Honor.

THE COURT: Mr. Hayden, also.

MR. KUNSTLER: Oh, Your Honor, there is a certain amount of humor when talking about a bathroom —

THE COURT: Oh, I know that is your favorite reply.

MR. HOFFMAN: I laughed too.

MR. KUNSTLER: But people can't help it sometimes, Your Honor. You have laughed yourself.

THE COURT: I really have come to believe you can't help yourself. I have come to believe it.

MR. KUNSTLER: But that is true. A whole courtroom full of people laugh when I say something and when you say something.

THE COURT: What I am saying is not very funny.

MR. KUNSTLER: I know, but you are so ultra-sensitive to laughter.

THE COURT: Will you sit down and not interrupt the court when a decision is being made?

All I ask from you, sir, is simple manners. I don't reach the question of law.

MR. KUNSTLER: I know, but Your Honor, when you make a joke and the courtroom laughs, nobody is thrown out.

THE COURT: Just sit down. I have not made any jokes.

MR. KUNSTLER: I know, but you do from time to time.

THE COURT: I asked you to sit down during the rendering of this decision, sir!

Let the record show that the defendant—rather, the defendants' counsel, Mr. Kunstler, on two occasions here refused to sit down when the Court directed him to sit down.

MR. KUNSTLER: Oh, that's not fair, Your Honor.

MR. WEINGLASS: He sat down, on both occasions, Your Honor. I must object to that.

MR. KUNSTLER: I sat down on both occasions.

THE COURT: (red with rage) I mean right now, in this decision.

MR. KUNSTLER: I sat down.

THE COURT: You did finally, after I urged you.

MR. WEINGLASS: I think it should be on the record.

THE COURT: I am giving a decision, and if you don't sit down—he has sat down now.

Mr. Marshall, see that Mr. Weinglass remains in his chair while the Court is rendering a decision on this motion made by Mr. Weinglass.

I must go back to where I started.

Yesterday, because it was brought to my attention that the defendants, and several of them, have when it was thought that they were going to what has been referred to as 'the bathroom' in this case, went out into conferences in the hall, to other rooms in the courthouse, even to another courtroom, which is contrary to the order of the Court, and because of that, yesterday I entered an order directing that if the defendants had to make use of toilet facilities, they would use the one to my left, over there, where the door is.

This morning Mr. Rubin flagrantly violated the order, got up and started to walk out, and it became necessary for the Marshal to bring him back, and it is more than passing strange that he didn't

use the facilities that were offered him by the Court.

MR. RUBIN: I have to go to the bathroom.

THE COURT: Let the record show that Mr. Rubin immediately got up and walked into the facilities that were offered him by the Court.

Oh, I've been through something like this before, but not often, not in the many years on the bench have I seen such circus behavior.

Now that was, as I say, a flagrant violation of the Court's orders.

I repeat, I deny the motion for a mistrial, and when the jury comes in, I shall direct the jury to disregard the remarks of Mr. Schultz.

Bring in the jury, Mr. Marshal...

\* \* \*

And so it goes. 'Teach' Hoffman and his band of stool pigeons, visible manifestations of a ship of state foundering on the rocks of its own contradictions. Julius Hoffman's conduct would be pitiful or funny if his power was not so absolute; the Bobby Seale severance shows that each time he calls a defendant's or a lawyer's name can mean three months in jail.

In school it's called detention. In court it's called contempt, which is another way to say preventive detention.

THE COURT will have the last laugh unless he flips out completely and MR. MARSHALL has to drag his screaming, cackling eminence from the top of the desk. Here's hoping we get the chance to yell, "There goes da Judge."

## Conspiracy On Overtime

Judge Hoffman, in an attempt to speed up the conspiracy case, decided to add Saturday sessions to the trial. When defense attorney Kunstler objected that this would be unfair to Jewish people connected with the case, his Honor decided to add Sundays, too. With the 7-days-a-week schedule, the case will probably go to the jury in mid-February.

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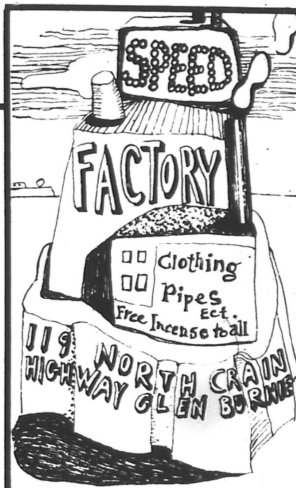
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# THE STUDENT AS NIGGER

by JERRY FARBER

(LA FREEP/UPS) — Students are niggers. When you get that straight, our schools begin to make sense. It's more important, though, to understand why they're niggers. If we follow that question seriously enough, it will lead us past the zone of academic bullshit, where dedicated teachers pass their knowledge on to a new generation, and into the nitty-gritty of human needs and hang-ups. And from there we can go on to consider whether it might ever be possible for students to come up from slavery.

First let's see what's happening now. Let's look at the role students play in what we like to call education.

At Cal. State L.A., where I teach, the students have separate and unequal dining facilities. If I take them into the faculty dining room, my colleagues get uncomfortable, as though there were a bad smell. If I eat in the student cafeteria, I become known as the educational equivalent of a niggerlover. In at least one building there are even rest rooms which students may not use. At Cal. State, also there is an unwritten law barring student-faculty love-making. Fortunately, this anti-miscegenation law, like its Southern counterpart, is not 100 per cent effective.

encourage dissent but they're almost always jiving and every student knows it. Tell the man what he wants to hear or he'll fail your ass out of the course.

When a teacher says "jump" students jump. I know of one professor who refused to take up class time for exams and required students to show up for tests at 6:30 in the morning. And they did, by God! Another at exam time, provides answer cards to be filled out — each one enclosed in a paper bag with a hole cut in the top to see through. Students stick their hands in the bags while taking the test. The teacher isn't a pro; I wish he were. He does it to prevent cheating. Another colleague once caught a student reading during one of his lectures and threw her book against the wall. Still another lectures his students into a stupor and then screams at them in a rage when they fall asleep.

Just last week during the first meeting of a class, one girl got up to leave after about ten minutes had gone by. The teacher rushed over, grabbed her by the arm saying "This class is NOT dismissed." And led her back to her seat. On the same day another teacher began by informing his class that he does not like beards, mus-

reason of authority. And that's just fine because you don't care anyway. Miss Widemeyer tells you a noun is a person, place, or thing. So let it be. You don't give a rat's ass; she doesn't give a rat's ass.

The important thing is to please her. Back in kindergarten, you found out that teachers only love children who stand in nice straight lines. And that's where it's been ever since. Nothing changes except to get worse. School becomes more and more obviously a prison. Last year I spoke to a student assembly at Manual Arts High School and then couldn't get out of the goddamn school. I mean there was NO WAY OUT. Locked doors. High fences. One of the inmates was trying to make it over a fence when he saw me coming and froze in panic. For a moment, I expected sirens, a rattle of bullets, and him clawing the fence.

Then there's the infamous "code of dress." In some high schools, if your skirt looks too short, you have to kneel before the principal in a brief allegory of fellatio. If the hem doesn't reach the floor, you go home to change while he, presumably, jacks off. Boys in high school can't be too sloppy and they can't even be too sharp.

spend their years on the old plantation alternately laughing and cursing as they play the game. If their egos are strong enough they cheat a lot. And, of course, even the Toms are angry down deep somewhere. But it comes out in passive rather than active aggression. They're unexplainably thick-witted and subject to frequent spells of laziness. They misread simple questions. They spend their nights mechanically outlining history chapters while meticulously failing to comprehend a word of what's in front of them.

## INWARD ANGER

The saddest cases among both black slaves and student slaves are the ones who have so thoroughly introjected their master's values that their anger is all turned inward. At Cal. State these are the kids for whom every low grade is torture, who stammer and shake when they speak to a professor, who go through an emotional crisis every time they're called upon during class. You can recognize them easily at finals time. Their faces are festooned with fresh pimples; their bowels boil audibly across the room. If there really is a Last Judgement, then the parents and teachers who created these wrecks are go-



Undergraduate seminar at Cal. State.

Students at Cal. State are politically disenfranchised. They are in an academic Lowndes County. Most of them can vote in national elections — their average age is about 26 — but they have no voice in the decisions which affect their academic lives. The students are, it is true, allowed to have a toy government of their own. It is a government run for the most part by Uncle Toms and concerned principally with trivia. The faculty and administrators decide what courses will be offered; the students get to choose their own Homecoming Queen. Occasionally, when student leaders get uppity and rebellious, they're either ignored, put off with trivial concessions or maneuvered expertly out of position.

## SMILES AND SHUFFLES

A student at Cal. State is expected to know his place. He calls a faculty member "Sir" or "Doctor" or "Professor" — and he smiles and shuffles some as he stands outside the professor's office waiting for permission to enter. The faculty tell him what courses to take (in my department, English, even electives have to be approved by a faculty member); they tell him what to read, what to write and, frequently, where to set the margins on his typewriter. They tell him what's true and what isn't. Some teachers insist that they

taches, long hair on boys, or capri pants on girls, and will not tolerate any of that in his class. The class, incidentally, consisted mostly of high school teachers.

## FOLLOW ORDERS

Even more discouraging than this Auschwitz approach to education is the fact that the students take it. They haven't gone through twelve years of public school for nothing. They've learned one thing and perhaps only one thing during those twelve years. They've forgotten their algebra. They're hopelessly vague about chemistry and physics. They've grown to fear and resent literature. They write like they've been lobotomized. But Jesus can they follow orders! Freshmen come up to me with an essay and ask if I want it folded and whether their name should be in the upper right hand corner. And I want to cry and kiss them and caress their poor tortured heads.

Students don't ask that orders make sense. They give up expecting things to make sense long before they leave elementary school. Things are true because the teacher says they're true. At a very early age we all learn to accept "two truths," as did certain medieval churchmen. Outside of class, things are true to your tongue, your fingers, your stomach, your heart. Inside class, things are true by

You'd think the school board would be delighted to see all the spades trooping to school in pointy shoes, suits, ties and stinky brims. Uh-uh. They're too visible.

What the school amounts to, then, for white and black kids alike, is a 12-year course in how to be slaves. What else could explain what I see in a freshman class? They've got that slave mentality; obliging and ingratiating on the surface but hostile and resistant underneath.

As do black slaves, students vary in their awareness of what's going on. Some recognize their own put-on for what it is and even let their rebellion break through to the surface now and then. Others — including most of the "good students" — have been more deeply brainwashed. They swallow the bullshit with greedy mouths. They honest to God believe in grades, in busy work, in General Education requirements. They're like those old grey-headed house niggers you can still find in the South who don't see what all the fuss is about because Mr. Charlie "treats us real good."

College entrance requirements tend to favor the Toms and screen out the rebels. Not entirely, of course. Some students at Cal. State L.A. are expert con-artists who know perfectly well what's happening. They want the degree or the 2-S and

ing to burn in hell.

So students are niggers. It's time to find out why, and to do this, we have to take a long look at Mr. Charlie.

The teachers I know best are college professors. Outside the classroom and taken as a group, their most striking characteristic is timidity. They're short on balls.

Just look at their working conditions. At a time when even the migrant workers have begun to fight and win, college professors are still afraid to make more than a token effort to improve their pitiful economic status. In California state colleges the faculties are screwed regularly and vigorously by the Governor and Legislature and yet they still won't offer any solid resistance. They lie flat on their stomachs with their pants down, mumbling catch phrases like "professional dignity" and "meaningful dialogue."

Professors were no different when I was an undergraduate at UCLA during the McCarthy era; it was like a cattle stampede as they rushed to cop out. And in more recent years, I found that my being arrested in sit-ins brought from my colleges not so much approval or condemnation as open-mouthed astonishment. "You could lose your job!"

Now, of course, there's the Vietnamese war. It gets some opposition from a few



teachers. Some support it. But a vast number of professors, who know perfectly well what's happening, are copping out again. And in the high schools, you can forget it. So illness reigns.

#### FORCES A SPLIT

I'm not sure why teachers are so chicken-shit. It could be that academic training itself forces a split between thought and action. It might also be that the tenured security of a teaching job attracts timid persons and furthermore, that teaching, like police work, pulls in persons who are unsure of themselves and need weapons and the other external trappings of authority.

At any rate teachers ARE short on balls. And as Judy Eisenstein had eloquently pointed out, the classroom offers an artificial and protected environment in which they can exercise their will to power. Your neighbors may drive a better car; gas station attendants may intimidate you; your wife may dominate you, the State Legislature may shit on you; but in the classroom by God, students do what you say — or else. The grade is a hell of a weapon. It may not rest on your hip, potent and rigid like a cop's gun but in the long run it's more powerful. At your personal whim — any time you choose — you can keep 35 students up for nights and have the pleasure of seeing them walk into the classroom pasty-faced and red-eyed carrying a sheaf of typewritten pages, with title pages, MLA footnotes, and margins set at 15 and 91.

The general timidity which causes teachers to make niggers of their students usually includes a more specific fear — after all, students are different, just like black people. You stand exposed in front of them, knowing that their interests, their values and their language are different from yours. To make matters worse you may suspect that you yourself are not the most engaging of persons. What then can protect you from their ridicule and scorn? Respect for Authority. That's what. It's the policeman's gun again. The

white bwana's pith helmet. So you flaut that authority. You wither whisperers with a murderous glance. You crush objectors with erudition and heavy irony. And, worst of all, you make your own attainments seem not accessible but awesomely remote. You conceal your massive ignorance — and parade a slender learning.

#### WHITE SUPREMACY

The teacher's fear is mixed with an understandable need to be admired and to feel superior, a need which also makes him cling to his "white supremacy." Ideally a teacher should minimize the distance between himself and his students. He should encourage them not to need him — eventually or even immediately. But this is rarely the case. Teachers make themselves high priests of arcane mysteries. They become masters of mumbo-jumbo. Even a more or less conscientious teacher may be torn between the desire to give and the desire to hold them in bondage to him. I can find no other explanation that accounts for the way my own subject, literature, is generally taught. Literature, which ought to be a source of joy solace and enlightenment, often becomes in the classroom nothing more than a source of anxiety — at best an arena for expertise, a ledger book for the ego. Literature teachers, often afraid to join a real union nonetheless practise the worst kind of trade-unionism in the classroom; they do to literature what Beckmesser does to song in Wagner's "Meistersinger." The avowed purpose of English departments is to teach literature; too often their real function is to kill it.

Finally there's the darkest reason of all for the master-slave approach to education. The less trained and the less socialized a person is, the more he constitutes a sexual threat and the more he will be subjugated by institutions, such as penitentiaries and schools. Many of us are aware by now of the sexual neurosis which makes the castration of the Negroes a deeply entrenched Southern folkway. We should recognize a similar pattern in edu-

Ten forty-three  
In exactly TWO MINUTES  
I'll ring the  
FIRST BELL and  
they'll all  
stand still!



Because when they've  
learned not to question  
the FIRST BELL, they'll  
learn not to question  
their TEXTS! Their  
TEACHERS! Their  
COURSES!  
EXAMINATIONS!



All, that is, except  
your potential DEVIL!  
Your fledgling REBEL!  
Your incipient BOAT-  
ROCKER! THEY'LL try  
to move all right!  
They'll have to  
learn the HARD  
way not to move



They'll grow up to accept  
TAXES! HOUSING DEVELOP-  
MENTS! INSURANCE! WAR!  
MEN ON THE MOON! LIQUOR!  
LAWS! POLITICAL SPEECHES!  
PARKING METERS!  
PAY TOILETS!  
FUNERALS!



So I'll SCREAM at 'em  
and take their NAMES  
and give them FIVE  
DETENTIONS and EXTRA  
HOMEWORK! NEXT time  
they won't move  
after the first bell!



Non-movement  
after  
the first  
bell is  
the  
backbone  
of Western  
Civilization!



-Something Else-

cation. There is a kind of castration that goes on in schools. It begins, before school years, with parents' first encroachments on their children's free unashamed sexuality and continues right up to the day when they hand you your doctoral diploma with a bleeding, shriveled pair of testicles stapled to the parchment. It's not that sexuality has no place in the classroom. You'll find it there but only in certain perverted and vitiated forms.

#### BLEEDING BRAINS

How does sex show up in school? First of all, there's the sado-masochistic relationship between teachers and students. That's plenty sexual, although the price of enjoying it is to be unaware of what's happening. In walks the student in his Ivy League equivalent of a motor-cycle jacket. In walks the teacher — a kind of intellectual rough trade — and flogs his students with grades, tests, sarcasm and snotty superiority until their very brains are bleeding. In Swinburne's England, the whipped school boy frequently grew up to be a flagellant. With us the perversion is intellectual but it's not less perverse.

Sex also shows up in the classroom as academic subject matter — sanitized and abstracted, thoroughly divorced from feeling. You get "sex education" now both in high school and college classes; everyone determined not to be embarrassed, to be very up to date, very contempto. These are the classes for which sex, as Feiffer puts it, "can be a beautiful thing if properly handled and administered." And then, of course, there's still another depressing manifestation of sex in the classroom: the "off-color" teacher who keeps his class awake with sniggering sexual allusions, obscene titters and academic innuendo. The sexuality he purveys it must be admitted, is at least better than none at all.

What's missing from kindergarten to graduate school, is honest recognition of what's actually happening — turned on awareness of hairy goodies underneath the petti-pants, the chinos and the flannels.

It's not that sex needs to be pushed in school; sex is pushed enough. But we should let it be, where it is and like it is. I don't insist that ladies in junior high school lovingly caress their students' cocks (someday, maybe); however, it is reasonable to ask that the ladies don't by example and stricture teach their students to pretend that those cocks aren't there. As things stand now, students are physi-

cally castrated or spayed — and for the very same reason that black men are castrated in Georgia: because they're a threat.

#### ONCE A NIGGER

So you can add sexual repression to the list of causes along with vanity, fear and will to power, that turn the teacher into Mr. Charlie. You might also want to keep in mind that he was a nigger once himself and has never really gotten over it. And there are more causes, some of which are better described in sociological than in psychological terms. Work them out, it's not hard. But in the meantime what we've got on our hands is a whole lot of niggers. And what makes this particularly grim is that the student has less chance than the black man of getting out of his bag. Because the student doesn't even know he's in it. That, more or less, is what's happening in higher education. And the results are staggering.

For one thing damn little education takes place in the schools. How could it? You can't educate slaves; you can only train them. Or to use an even uglier and more timely word, you can only program them.

#### DANCE OR DUNCE

I like to folk dance. Like other. I've laid out good money in order to learn how to dance. No grades, no prerequisites, no separate dining rooms; they just turn you on to dancing. That's education. Now look at what happens in college. A friend of mine, Milt, recently finished a folk dance class. For his final he had to learn things like this: "The Irish are known for their wit and imagination, qualities reflected in their dances, which include the jig, the reel and the hornpipe." And then the teacher graded him

A, B, C, D, or F, while he danced in front of her. That's not education. That's not even training. That's an abomination on the face of the earth. It's especially ironic because Milt took that class to try to get out of the academic rut. He took crafts for the same reason. Great, right? Get your hands in come clay? Make something? Then the teacher announced that a 20-page term paper would be required, with footnotes.

At my school we even grade people on how they read poetry. That's like grading people on how they fuck. But we do it. In fact, God help me, I do it. I'm the Adolph Eichmann of English 323. Simon. Legree on the poetry plantation. "Tote that iamb! Lift that spondee!" Even to discuss a good poem in that environment is potentially dangerous because the very classroom is contaminated. As hard as I may try to turn students on to poetry, I know that the desks, the tests, the IBM cards, their own attitudes toward school, and my own residue of UCLA method are turning them off.

Another result of student slavery is equally serious. Students don't get emancipated when they graduate. As a matter of fact, we don't let them graduate until they've demonstrated their willingness — over 16 years — to remain slaves. And for important jobs, like teaching, we make them go through more years, just to make sure. What I'm getting at is that we're all more or less niggers and slaves, teachers and students alike. This is a fact you want to start with in trying to understand wider social phenomena, say politics, in our country and in other countries.

#### INTIMIDATE OR KILL

Educational oppression is trickier to

Cont. on pg. 10



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# Students as...

Cont. from pg. 9

fight than racial oppression. If you're a black rebel they can't exile you; they either have to intimidate you or kill you. But in high school or college, they can just bounce you out of the fold. And they do. Rebel students and renegade faculty members get smothered or shot down with devastating accuracy. In high school, it's usually the student who gets it; in college, it's more often the teacher. Others get tired of fighting and voluntarily leave the system. This may be a mistake though. Dropping out of college for a rebel, is a little like going North, for a Negro. You can't really get away from it so you might as well stay and raise hell.

How do you raise hell? That's a whole other story. But just for a start, why not stay with the analogy? What have black people done? They have, first of all, faced the fact of their slavery. They've stopped kidding themselves about an eventual reward in that Great Watermelon Patch in the sky. They've organized; they've decided to get freedom now and they've started taking it.

Students, like the black people, have immense unused power. They could, theoretically insist on participating in their own education. They could make academic freedom bilateral. They could teach their teachers to thrive on love and admiration, rather than fear and respect, and to lay down their weapons. Students could discover community. And they could learn to dance by dancing on the IBM cards. They could make coloring books out of catalogues and they could put the grading system in a museum. They could raze one set of walls and let life come blowing into the classroom. They could raze another set of walls and let education flow out and flood the streets. They could turn the classroom into where it's at - a "field of action" as Peter Martin describes it. And believe it or not, they could study eagerly and learn prodigiously for the best of all possible reasons - their own reasons.

They could. Theoretically. They have the power. But only in a very few places, like Berkeley, have they even begun to think about using it. For students, as for black people, the hardest battle isn't with Mr. Charlie. It's with what Mr. Charlie has done to your mind.

## HARRY GETS A PARTY!

A benefit for HARRY!! Gee Whiz, fellas, the printer will really be happy. And IBM, and the Telephone Company too!!

And "Aux" and "Meat" and "Ames Oaks" and "Calhoun" and all those other guys really play neat music anyhow!!

Wow!! Who cares about the groundhog's shadow and all that first of February stuff, I'm gonna be at the Bluesette all afternoon for the HARRY benefit!!

## MP TRAINING

Various nefarious militant pacifists are planning a weekend session of training and exploration in the tactics, philosophy and psychology of nonviolence. They are not interested in nonviolence as a passive alternative to force. Rather, they envision nonviolence in the Gandhian sense, as an active and viable way of living and of improving the quality of life.

The trainers will be Bob Levering and Chuck Noell from the Friends Peace Committee, Philadelphia. The training session will be held on the weekend of January 23, 24, and 25. It begins with supper at 5:30 on Friday evening, and will end early Sunday afternoon, and will be held at the Homewood Friends Meeting House at 3107 N. Charles St., Baltimore. The fee will be \$3 to \$5 per person, depending on ability to pay.

Anyone interested in attending the seminar should contact Ron Hale at the American Friends Service Committee, 319 E. 25th St., Tel. 336-7200.



## BURNT GRAPE

On Thursday, January 8, the building in which the Grapevine Boutique is located caught fire during the lunch hour for the Towson business area. The blaze was started from a grease fire in the restaurant on the first floor of the building. Darrell Russell, the owner, and his fellow workers attempted to save what stock they could by throwing it out of a second story window. The crowd, which had gathered to watch the fire, however, was decidedly unfriendly. Comments overheard included gripes about how long haired kids don't deserve to have a business like that anyway, and other similar disheartening remarks.

Although the owners of the Grapevine claimed at least \$16,000 worth of damages done to merchandise and fixtures, the local insurance people offered them \$1,000 for "inconvenience," and said that they could hang the clothes up and sell them again because "hippies wouldn't know the difference." Russell has retained private adjustors to help settle the claim equitably.

On the positive side, many of Baltimore's boutique merchants called the Grapevine to offer much needed assistance. And with a little help from their friends, the Grapevine will re-open on February 1st.

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## Weathermen:

by TERRI BECKER

reprinted from Quicksilver Times

## MICHIGAN:

Weathermen dance and sing too. At the SDS National War Council in Flint, Michigan (Dec. 27-31), sandwiched between mass karate practice and intensive political discussions, members of many assembled Weatherman collectives chorused in their raw voices to the melody of Yellow Submarine:

## Gathering of the Sickies

We all live in a Weatherman machine,  
Weatherman machine.  
We all live in a Weatherman machine,  
Weatherman machine.  
While our friends are all in jail,  
Many more of us are out on bail...

The passion of their fun matched the fever of their street actions: they chanted and stomped, jumped and snake danced, clasped arms and shoulders like revolutionary Rockettes, Careening around inside the Giant Ballroom (a dancehall for the local blacks of Flint) in groups of 50

to 100 or even a single massive 300-person swarm. Weathermen displayed an intense aura of unity. One non-Weatherman present remarked, "That's the main thing about them, they're together."

She was right of course; a shared ideology, a common oppression, communal living, and the experience of being veterans in street combat breeds an unparalleled togetherness, one to be found nowhere else in the movement. But alas for the movement, for if Weatherman exemplifies the height of movement camaraderie, it characterizes the depth of the misreading of the revolutionary potential of the white youthful masses.

At least this was the feeling of many of the observers who came to the War Council to take part in what was billed as a gathering to explore new ways to create revolution, new ways to create revolutionaries.

For Weathermen, though, the War Council was a success. Three days of solid reinforcement of political analysis can be viewed no differently. The War Council molded better warriors but it made few, if any, new ones.

What was heard at the conference in Flint was a repeat of the Weather line: (briefly) American imperialism is the major political problem in the world today and it is an outgrowth of capitalism. The long-range desire is to convert everyone to communism, though this will take some doing. A world revolution is currently being waged by the Third World (parts of Asia, Latin America, Africa, the Middle East, etc.) against the forces of American imperialism, and the mother country herself is under attack from within by the most oppressed American group the colonized black vanguard. The only position that whites can take is that of a support group to the blacks who will lead the revolution.

The way whites help is through disruption and destruction in order to take some of the pressure off the black liberation movement. The role of the white youth is to follow the principle of 'the bigger the mess, the better,' to quote one of the regional caucus meetings during the Council.

The main problem with this Weatherman analysis, as decried by the few dissenting observers at the War Council, is that it limits the role of white youth too severely and that it concentrates on the negative rather than the positive aspects of revolution.

"If you want to attract more kids to movement, you've got to give them something to look forward to. Sure, there are things that must be destroyed, but we have to start building those new things that can help us now and can keep helping us in the future," said one kid, not a Weatherman.

Said a girl who wasn't a member of a Weathercollective, "What I don't understand is the emphasis on chaos. You can't organize great numbers of people solely around destruction." She pointed out that white youth was particularly disgusted with the death and mutilation in Vietnam, the pollution of the environment, and the unbelievable horror of the inner city. She concluded that a program based, as the Weatherman program is, on only tearing things apart would surely fail to attract significant numbers of white youth.

Disagreements like these with Weatherman policy (its 'strategy to win') were usually shouted down or lost in a shuffle of rhetoric that never addressed itself to the point: can large numbers of white youth be organized around a policy that emphasizes violent destruction as the answer to the ills of America?

Weatherman said yes; others were not so sure.

But while Weatherman denounced serving the people as being inexpedient and even hindering this stage of the revolution,

paradoxically they internalized the concept. Sleeping quarters, cheap food, and transportation to and from the meeting areas were provided for all who came to the War Council. Without question, no other movement group goes to such lengths to look after its members or followers.

Perhaps an insight into the entire Weathertribe psyche can be had by examining three people singled out over the three-day period as heroes. First, it was stated that Weathermen should become 'monomaniacal,' that what had to be killed in America was the 'great white whale,' meaning white skin privilege which is exemplified by Captain Ahab's fanatical pursuit of Moby Dick. Second, Weathermen were encouraged to imitate John Brown for his perseverance and dedication as a weapon in the abolitionist cause. Third, Charles Manson was held up as a model for Weathermen because 'he made people afraid, and that's what we have to do.' The chant, 'Free Charles Manson' rang through the Giant Ballroom periodically.

These three heroes have in common that they are all violent psychotics who, through the invoking of different and sometimes profound reasons, succeeded in killing themselves. (Charles Manson will almost certainly receive the death penalty, though it will probably be commuted to life in prison.) And, if Weathermen have unwittingly adopted a serve-the-people attitude in their conferences, they may also unknowingly have adopted an action plan that will lead them to their self-destruction.

And that would be too bad, for some of the best minds and most vibrant people in the movement are Weathermen. The uniqueness of Weathermen lies in their being the only revolutionary organization in America to go on the offensive. They have begun to pick up bricks, sticks, and rocks; they have begun to arm themselves for an inevitable planned clash with pig America. They speak defiantly of derauling trains. Terrorism is a powerful revolutionary tool.

But successful revolutions require, more than tools, enormous numbers of people—more people than Weatherman is attracting. 500 Weathermen hardly compares to the number of potential white revolutionary youth in America; 500 isn't the size even of a single small high school.

Though that may not be critical because as one girl at the War Council explained, "No matter what Weatherman does it is constructive. So what if Weatherman numbers stay low. The importance is that someone sets the violent example. Fuck all this analysis. Remember in World War II how the Japanese soldiers took strength from those few who were Kamikazes?"

## SHRIVER FOR GOVERNOR

by Elliott Sirkin

R. Spenser Oliver is a glib, sweet-tempered young button-down type—a little like the Jack Nicholson character in 'Easy Rider'—and he seemed to be doing a lot of gulping and sweet-tempering at the Sargent Shriver for Governor Committee's first press conference. With



the twenty or so earnest, taut-looking members of his organization (two blacks and two horsey-pretty girls) sitting behind and smiling big, petrified smiles, Chairman Oliver read off a nice, tactful little two-page euphemism about how many of Maryland's citizens live in intolerable conditions and how the air isn't fit to breathe and the roads are un-navigable, etc. He blinked a lot and acted boyish, and he obviously meant it when he said that the answer to Maryland's sundry crises was in the daring and leadership of Sargent Shriver, the current U.S. ambassador to France. Mr. Shriver's availability for the Democratic slot in the upcoming state gubernatorial elections hasn't been announced yet, but it will be soon, if Oliver and his fellow dispensers of buttons, bumper stickers, and brochures get what they want.

'No', Oliver said. The ambassador had not written him and begged him to get the committee going, it was all his own idea, he hadn't even spoken to him for months, no one has been in contact with him; the purpose of our committee is just him; the purpose of our committee is just to get Mr. Shriver to run. However, if the people of the great state had enough faith in the direction of President Johnson's anti-poverty administration, then, beamed Mr. Oliver, he was sure that his candidate would 'seek and win' the nomination this September ("I believe in my mind he will.")

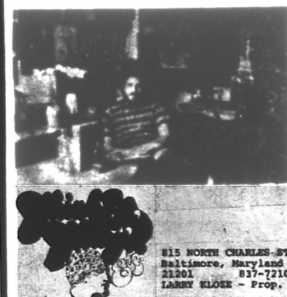
Several of the newsmen present didn't seem all that keen on the ambassador, and they wanted to know why he had voted in Illinois and not Maryland in the last elections and whether he knew anything about Maryland at all. Answering the first question, Oliver replied quietly that Shriver had voted in France, not in Illinois, but it turned out that he was talking about a different election. To questions of the other sort, the chairman just kept answering that the ambassador knew much more about his home state than he was generally given credit for

knowing and that when he was just a little boy in Carroll County, he dreamed of being governor someday, just like every other kid on the block. Also that the state's internal problems would be a challenge for him, and that he was very good at meeting challenges.

When asked about anything that had any kind of relationship to his man's political thinking ("Would he be more liberal, or less liberal than Governor Mandell?") "If you had to describe him in one word, would you call him liberal or conservative?" R.S. Oliver just looked blank and hopeful, maybe a little discouraged, too. Then he said that he wouldn't be so presumptuous as to speak for the ambassador, but that whatever Mr. Shriver's views were he was sure that they'd be dynamic, effective creative, innovative, and imaginative. He also said a lot about Mr. Shriver's leadership abilities, calling him "one of the great Americans of our time", and "in the eyes of his countrymen" most definitely presidential timber. (There, Mr. Oliver very determinedly added something about how if his candidate were elected, he would under no circumstances, fail at completing the expected governor's tenure, he'd stick.)

Oliver wouldn't comment on whether the ambassador had the tacit support of Mayor D'Allesandro or Comptroller Pressman (he seemed to gag a little on that last name), or on how many of members of the state legislature had promised him backing. He also wasn't too voluble on Senator Tydings' reputed decision to stay neutral during the primary race, or on the senator's hinted anger at the possible splintering effects of the contest on the party. And he didn't have much to say about how much campaign financing could be expected from the Kennedy treasury either. But he did mention that the Shriver family dates back to 1688 in Maryland, and that there are more Shrivs here than anywhere else in the country; that Mrs. Shriver (Hilda, not Eunice) lives in Baltimore. Also, that the ambassador has just taken out a lease on a place in Rockville County. Oliver also denied that the CIA was the sponsor of an international student exchange program in which several of the Shriver for Governor Committee's members had been active.

Sargent Shriver attended the Canterbury School, and later Yale College and the Yale Law School, he now holds thirty-six honorary degrees from different colleges and universities, as well as the 1964 Father of the Year Award. He has served in the U.S. Navy, on the staffs of Newsweek and the Merchandise Mart, and as director of the Chicago Board of Education. A victory in November would represent his first publicly elected position.



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# PINOSA RIDES AGAIN

from the SPECTATOR (UPS)

How was it, now, so long ago? I've been stoned ever since. Let's see, today's October 27th — ah, yes, it was October 24th. Twenty-four days ago. Er....

Anyway, the notice said: "To Arturo S. Pinosa. Greetings: You are hereby ordered to report for induction into the Armed Forces of the United States, and to report to Local Board 100, Bombast, Indiana, on October 24, 1969, at 6:15 A.M., for forwarding to an Armed Forces Induction Station." I still had plenty of time to get to Canada. But somehow, man, that wasn't my style. Somehow, I still had ties to this country that I couldn't break. Somehow, I couldn't swing it. Somehow, I was broke.

So I showed up at 6 A.M. in front of my local board. Mabel Warmonger, the Executive Secretary, was there. She began to read off the names of the poor people about to be delivered into slavery.

"Adolph Himmler!"

"Here."

"Seymour Krapp!"

"Here."

"Warren Peccel!"

"Here."

"Arturo S. Pinosa!"

"I hear you, you old bitch."

"Arturo S. Pinosa," she gasped, "you mean we got you? We finally got you??? You're going to die...er, I mean, to defend your country? We got you at last?"

"Don't count on it," I growled as I climbed aboard the bus.

One thing I'd better point out before I go any further. I'd taken my last physical over a year ago, which meant they had to give me another one. Most people get inducted shortly after their preinduction physical (all things being equal), and don't get a chance to take one again. I, however, had used every appeal right in trying to get my CO claim recognized. That and various delays had lasted a year. If it hadn't taken so long, I would have had a "physical inspection" rather than a full physical. Some doctor would have asked me, "Anything changed since your physical?" That's all. Not nearly the opportunity to do what I did.

The induction station is like a stockyard. Men are herded through without the slightest regard for their humanity, without the slightest regard for them as people. This was one cow that was going to kick a little. But I went through the preliminaries stoically, biding my time. Forms were hurled at us to fill out. I filled them out (true, a little strangely, but it didn't matter). It took a while, but finally we got to the physical. We stripped down to shorts and shoes, and put all our clothes in a little basket. Our valuables went into a paper bag, which

we carried with us. We started out.

I wore Homer Magoo's glasses to the induction physical instead of mine, because toward the end of the physical they test your glasses for a certain refractive error. If it is large enough, you're a free man. I stumbled over to the eye testing station, the first one on the way, tripped over the stool in front of the machine, and finally, muttering apologies, I sat down. The doctor looked irritated.

"Take off your glasses and look into the machine — no, no, the machine is over here. That's it, you've got it. Now what do you see? Read the first line."

Pinosa: "Slowly she unbuttoned her blouse as flames of searing passion overwhelmed...."

Doctor: "Now wait a minute! That's not what it says at all. What the hell is going on here?"

Pinosa: "As he fondled her gently, she sighed that...."

Doctor: "Look here, if you can't see what it says, say so. I don't want any more...."

Pinosa: "He moved his body ever closer, until they were locked in an embrace...."

Doctor: "Er...."

Pinosa: "Suddenly she gasped, and as her whole body trembled with passion, he...."

2nd Doctor: "What the hell is going on here?"

1st Doctor: "Shut up! This is getting good."

If you are careful with metal dust and clear finger nail polish, you can paint dots on your chest and back that nobody can see. Nobody, that is, except the X-ray machine, which was the second station on the line. I don't think anyone has thought of that before, so I guess I better copyright the idea. That way when people are prosecuted for deliberately faking their physicals, I can also sue them for stealing my idea. It's better if you have a hairy chest, of course, because you can hide things better. Somebody suggested hiding a piece of tinfoil beneath some body make-up, but I don't think that'd work, because you'd either sweat it off or else it would work its way loose while you were moving around before you ever got to the X-ray station. The dots, on the other hand — no, you'd better wear them on your chest; they wouldn't do any good on the other hand.

Now was the urinalysis. I walked to the urinal and pissed in the cup, at the same time loosening the bandage around my thumb, allowing the sugar to fall into the cup.

The next station was the blood sampling section. I had been racking my brains for weeks trying to figure out a way to screw that one up too, but in the end, I had come up with nothing. Absolutely zero. I had worked out several plans, then realized they were all no good. For instance, I wanted to have so much alcohol in my blood that they'd throw me out, but I realized that then I'd be dead, and I don't want my pickled corpse lying around. Eesh! Then I decided that when the man snapped the rubber hose

around my arm, I'd start to choke, and freak him out. But that wouldn't get me anywhere. Ugh-gaak, eack.

In fact, when I had planned all this I had gone through the same sort of thing with various other tests, before I thought of the thing which I finally did. Like, for instance:

the urine test, I had planned to shit in the cup, and then explain that I didn't understand. Or alternatively, I was going to piss in the cup and trip as I was carrying it to the desk, dousing the Man, the desk, and everything in sight. But I chose the most subtle one, the sugar routine, because I figured it just might work. That was my goal, to make something work. I saw no point in wasting time.

Anyway, to proceed, the next marionette wrapped this rubber thing around my arm and blew it up with a squeeze bulb. I pressed my squeeze bulb and squirted him with my flower. Then he noticed that my blood pressure was sky high. Why? Have you ever tried speeding for seven days? I was lucky, because it didn't cause any permanent damage. (I hope you are too.)

Besides, I wasn't, and wouldn't and didn't want to.

Then there was the hearing test. I had a scheme; to wit, I periodically pressed the little button when there was no sound at all. Then, when the guy hollered that the test was finished, I hollered back: "Aren't you going to turn off the sound first?" He told me that it was off, and I said, "What, goddammit? I can't buy it, and threw me out.

The next station was probably the most important of all. There a real doctor looks at your records and writes down what's wrong with you and signs his name. No matter what has happened before, if this guy puts down the wrong thing, or nothing at all, you're in, sweetie. Here is where the letters from your doctors count, and here is where your fate is decided. I thought I was ready until I was who the doctor was. He made Pretty Boy Blvd look like the costar with Baby Rose-Marie.

Doctor: Next! NEXT! Get the hell in here, blast you!!! Siddown and Shaddup! (he said when I walked in. So I saddened down and shitted...er...shadded up. He grabbed my records and thumbed them impatiently.)

"I've heard about you, Pinosa," he snarled. "You're trying to get out, aren't you? I don't like that. And what's more, I don't like you. I couldn't care less about your diabetes, cancer, and whatever the hell of you've got. What do you think about that?" I was scared. I was terrified.

"Says, sweetie," I said serenely. "Listen to this: Up is up and down is down. Is it room to turn around? What is true cannot be said, if you won't be here until you're dead."

"What? Are you absolutely insane?"

"Your insanity is my salvation, dearie. Sick and starving in the world? Death and impitiness unfurled. What is false is mostly true. Insanity is that way too."

"Oh my God."

"God?" I said. "God? How can you know what there is/ Over and above?"

"I love the army too much," he babbled, scribbling points, one by one, on my medical sheets.

"What is over isn't through/I am only one/So I say, the hell with you/What is done is done."

"Everybody line up, stand on the little squares, put your paper bags and all your clothes on the floor behind you!" The doctor waited a moment, then: "I want to see everybody do a deep knee bend and hop up and down. All the way off the floor! Now stand up." A doctor came running by, tapping us with a stethoscope. Then the ear-checker came storming past. Another doctor started poking his finger in groins. Presently he got to me.

"OK, take a deep breath and cough."

I took a death breath.

"Haack, Haack, Hi-yaak, Gukathap, spit!"

"Confound it, turn your head when you do that!"

"Yes sir, sir. Also, I might point out your hand now has crotch rot."

"What?!!!" He looked suddenly at his hand.

"But I wouldn't worry about that if I were you, because the syphilis is more serious."

"Egad!"

"Also, you have something to clap about."

"Lights out," someone yelled, and it was dark.

Then this guy came sprinting down the line flashing a little light across everybody's eyes, and then the light flicked back on. I haven't seen anyone move so fast since I told my mother that the cigarette she was smoking was actually a joint. Now, however, my time had come.

For now was the climax of the day, the thing I had been waiting — no, living — for. The culmination of all my plans, the pinnacle of all my hopes and dreams. Namely, the asshole inspection. For no other event of the day had I prepared myself so thoroughly, so meticulously, as this one. None other was more important to me, nor more vital to my cause. I gritted my teeth, and stiffened my upper lip. I was not going to be taken by surprise.

Thus, when the doctor yelled, "OK everybody, feet wide, bend over and spread your cheeks," I had the glass eye ready.

When he looked at my ass, it looked back.

## EPILOG

"You are found permanently disqualified from military service," I heard him say, "on 53 counts of physical, mental, and moral unfitness. The points are..." His voice trailed off as his eyes ran down the list. He said, "Ecchh!" He looked up at me, and threw my papers across the desk.

"Get out," he said.

I walked out into the sunshine, and sat on the steps of the war memorial. I laughed. I laughed.

What is over now is through, I was only one.

So I say, good health to you.

What is done is done.

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# ON THE STREET

## RIGHT

Frank Retz, a long-haired, 27-year-old, has been appointed Maryland Director of Operations for Right-A-Wrong, the national organization working to effect legalization of Marijuana.

Mr. Retz' operations in Maryland will include the gathering of signatures for a general referendum to repeal the Marijuana laws, dissemination of educational material, and fund raising through a membership drive and the sales of the R.A.W. symbol, 'Peace, Patriotism, and Pot.'

Right-A-Wrong's projects include an educational caravan which will start in Miami late this month and zig-zag across the country, stopping primarily at colleges, bringing the truth about the noble weed to the hinterlands. The caravan will wind up in Washington on July 4 for the great Smoke-in.

Yes, if things go according to plan, hundreds of thousands of people will gather in Washington July 4 to protest the Marijuana laws.

In an exclusive interview in the executive suite of the HARRY building, Mr. Retz discussed plans for the Smoke-in and the other plans for Right-A-Wrong.

Mr. Retz said that several factors stand in the way of the Washington plans. In addition to various forms of opposition by the government, there is the possi-

CUDRO NG



## DOP & PRICES

by Jolly

### GRASS

*Mexican*—very good stuff, but at outrageous prices ranging from 40z. for \$50 to \$150 a pound. Things are no better in New York, with prices quoted as high as \$300 a Ki.

*Midwestern*—weed is still plentiful, and prices remain standard at \$90 a lb., etc., but by now this stuff has lost whatever potency it had immediately after harvest time at the end of this summer.

*Hash*—a rare situation exists with both blond and red hash being more plentiful than the normal black and brown varieties. Both are outstanding, with the red perhaps having the edge.

\$65 - 75 / 1/2 oz.

\$125 / oz.

\$800 - 900 / lb.

*Acid*—a multitude of varieties available. Sunshine and acid put up on paper, both 'brown dots' and invisible dots' being what's happening recently. General consensus gives first place to the latter. All are going for under \$2 a trip.

Next Week—reports on Soma, and PCP. Chemical structure of L C D



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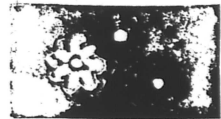
A BOUTIQUE IS OPEN

## Preacher Philosopher Spirit

by GRETA COLEMAN

A Service in Celebration and Tribute in Commemoration of the Birthday of Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., was held on his birthday, January 15, at the Heritage United Church of Christ. The life of Dr. King was presented in three aspects: Martin, the Preacher, by Rev. Harold Dobson; Martin, the Philosopher, by Rev. Marion Bascom; Martin, the Spirit, by Rev. Wendell Phillips. His principles of humility, dedication to the civil rights movement, and peace were reaffirmed. His belief that some day black and white children would hold hands and live together in equality and seek a better world together was reemphasized along with the hope that he might be there on that day to view the fulfillment of the dream he had created. His fellow clergymen praised him for his search of knowledge, and for the fact that even after having attained a Ph.D., a tool with which he could have sought prestige and financial rewards, he stayed right with his people and worked in the streets with them, for that was his place. No matter how the mobs started to clamor for violent retaliation for the hundreds of years of repression that the black people had suffered he tried in every way to channel that energy into peaceful gains for them. He was very rightfully aware of the dangers of being a leader and that, unfortunately, in this society, it often means becoming a martyr. He had charisma, and an unchakable belief in his mission.

A short film showing the atrocities committed in Alabama in full power, the water streams being squirted ruthlessly at blacks demonstrating for their freedom and flattened against buildings like bugs, followed. After seeing this, I wondered how King could continue with his principles of non-violence. From the tide of violence of the recent years, it is hard to remember his concept of peace. Just maybe, it takes more courage to fight in his way than to throw stones at the Justice Department.



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Natalie  
Terri  
Karen  
Dave  
Glenn  
Jack  
Dale  
Greta  
and Jesus the Cat,  
wherever she may be

(More staff always welcome.)





4th & D sts., D.C., & S.E. & get that for yr. driver.  
With more specifics for yr. self - on non-violence.  
The "new mobe" provides you with stuff to compress:  
Who wouldn't be struck by 4 miles of candles jogging?  
Or 1 bank of flood lights set still at the white house?  
So bright as to blind you, as if to oppose you.  
You clasp memory itself down as they would old lockets  
(With outlasts like church windows - say dark green & gold  
Or gold blue & dark purple, the gold in flame hinges.)  
Or you wonder, mind "vacant," why some trees  
Have leaves, others don't now, is the decision made elsewhere?  
Or you listen to voices at mts. & dig them, too often dishonest - 1 thing, youth...that we can do different?  
Being honest? Then be perfect as Krishna?  
Never caught in an error, & with always  
At hand - the alternate route that stops trouble?

Watch in faces with care - there are only slight differences  
& 1 face seems behind all, get "the feel of it"  
As you would a new button, or arm-band, or flag length,  
Or heraldry, coat of arms...front & center, youth  
Since you are leaving, always leaving...the capitol  
Does too in the fall vein-mesh & leaf-din, despite  
Its cast-iron dome (that is nothing), & the  
Country goes too - to drum cadence, or Kennedy,  
Or yr. own funeral. Look, it's printed like church fans -  
A souvenir - it fades out, with yr. marches. But how  
Lights hang from a roof, how a girl's hair can sizzle.  
Or some one train you with grace in non-violence.  
Some learned at Ebenezer Methodist Church  
Just to be able to start, to be able to finish.

#### Special Forces Prayer

Almighty God, Who art the Author of liberty  
and the champion of the oppressed, hear our prayer.

We, the men of the Special Forces, acknowledge  
our dependence upon Thee in the preservation of human  
freedom.

Go with us as we seek to defend the defenseless  
and to free the enslaved.

May we ever remember that our nation, whose motto  
is "In God We Trust", expects that we shall acquit  
ourselves with honor, that we may never bring shame  
upon our faith, our families, or our fellow men.

Grant us wisdom from Thy mind, courage from Thine  
heart, strength from Thine arm, and protection by Thine  
hand.

It is for Thee that we do battle, and to Thee  
belongs the victor's crown.

For Thine is the kingdom, and the power and glory,  
forever. AMEN.

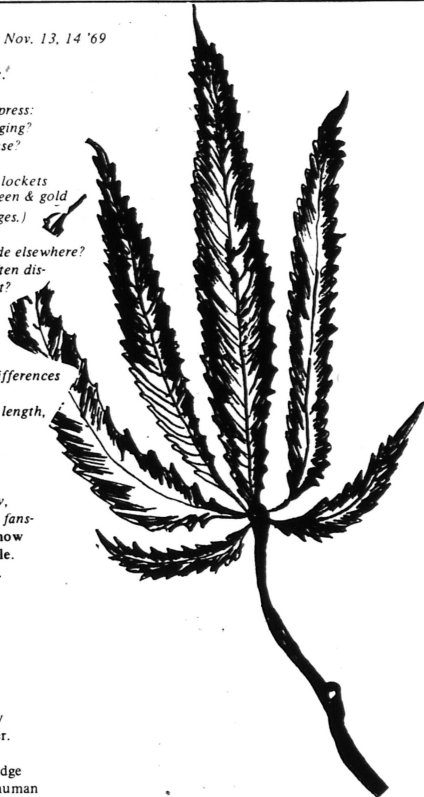
(courtesy of a Maryland unit.)

#### Poem to Be Read Before Draft Bds.

You in there! I see skulls thru' yr. faces; hope-  
fully some one better than you comes towards us -  
To meet us who fail, but we will not quit for that.

That we are dying I know - every one of us  
But some better than others - plain to see:  
Some grow old like their "parents" - gas comes  
Out of their showers rather than hot-cold.  
Their lives are surprising this way, but they  
Can explain it - like "parents" they follow some order.  
Others die laughing at them, "Don't they see?"  
In the moment of gas - zyclon B, in that  
Moment when the big herd finally gets moving  
Towards the walls, towards their brothers, to scratch  
Them apart (As no water comes out, only 20th century  
Music) How foolish they looked? No clothes? Scrapping away  
Until at Belsen blood might come out thru' cracks  
In the ground - like meat dries in dead crab joints.  
Yes, others die laughing: "How dumb these were  
Not to resist." These others do they set up new  
"Parents" in themselves, does their mockery cripple?  
Their brows beetle too, & not worthy of honor?

You might hope so - you who don't struggle for  
Our life together. But you're relics. They're right.  
& if you will change, it does well to think so.



#### Vietnamese, GI's Panthers, even you, an Atrocity Story

Say they're  
Soaring to death -  
Their eyes flutter  
Or they're "de-  
cerebrated, comatose"  
(Like Presidents) in  
The manner of anyone whose  
"Brain stem has been damaged -"  
Backs slung back  
"In an arch."  
Say their lives were sped up  
Into an American Age or held back  
by VC -  
It was napalm or mortar  
From above or behind.

But it's worse than bad timing  
Or the wrong place.

You want to be with them?  
Judge for them? Find their killers?

There are those closer to you  
With head wounds.



(quotes from an AFSC field report from Quang Ngai)



Freedom, Freedom, after Richie Havens  
Resist & NCRD Conferences, Nov. 16 '69

His voice moves in the box - in the speaker  
They move like a suitcase, he'd rather not  
Use the bull horn (as my voice moves  
In yr. box, the prick of my voice which  
Is also electric - its nerve cells are; I listen  
At yr. breasts for their milk or yr. heart  
& at mts. it is breast sizes concern me -  
The points made by Franz Shurman the prof-  
man, not YIP man.) "It is perfectly clear,"  
Is a thing that he says, & it is - the U.S.  
Automating its wars - in Saigon, in D.C.  
Gas laid down & lots of it - less touch, new  
Brutations from distances - pilotless bombs,  
Robot lasers; do we cause this? Do we?  
Bring on new fascists, broaden base for them?  
Take from war unwilling bodies so machine death  
Steps in? Think about it...that risk, then go  
on, Yr. people are here - those who face jail  
Or who lecture on violence, those who say,  
"To take yrself serious," or, "He becomes them."  
The bad means that he uses, he conspires, ex-  
cludes," these are with you, th-y will take  
Bad property out, give it back, one will "go back  
To her people" now she's accomplished, accom-  
plice to draft record wipe-out, destroy com-  
puter tapes, protective of persons, not a vandal -  
O make careful distinctions, like targets,  
Then go get them, but which of the speakers  
Is deepest? Less distinctions for people -  
I mean this: we're together no stopping us -  
There are deep things - you know it as I do.  
Think them - let things fall away!  
Property fall away, issues, borders falling  
But let other people, let them fall - let yourself!  
You are free. Do yr. thing. We are free.  
Kazurzaka, Tokyo & their students snake-dancing  
Towards the cops, get down to it - Join Us.  
After Resist meets comes the latins to their  
Dancing - a merenga, Cha-Cha-Cha, you talk  
To me as well, you sweet voice "ball" with me -  
(Sweet hole voice, sweet whole voice - w.h.)  
We are declaring the world to be free!

by DAVE EBERHARDT



# BALTIMORE SOUND

By MICHAEL HUNT

"The Baltimore sound?" Bullshit!!! They said that about Boston and look what happened.

Well, I guess Boston just didn't have a 'sound,' and PR gimmicks don't always work anyway and Popeye eats ultimate spinach.

But, 'The Baltimore Sound!' What the hell is the Baltimore Sound?

Well,emese... First you take a bunch of kids born in the '40's and early '50's, shovel the Supremes, The Dells, Otis, Aretha, The Temptations, Smokey Robinson and all the others down their throats for 10 to 15 years, then turn them on to psychedelia, dope, meditation, folk, blues, rock, and all the other

hippie paraphernalia, give it a couple of years to get together, and you get a very strange mixture of music. Hard, driving drums, follow the bouncing ball bass, screaming guitars driven by a wall of amplifiers and a desire to feel music instead of just hear it - 1000 2000 watts who cares, turn it up, more, more... Add a little respect, just a little bit, just a little bit - R-E-S-P-E-C-T etc., etc. and you got it. 'The Baltimore Sound.' It's rock music alright, but at the same time there's just the right touch of 'soul music' influence. That's it! Rock and Soul!!!

"Oh, come on now, Country Joe tried that a year ago."

Bullshit again! Country Joe tried a gimmick. But he didn't have the years of soul music's evolution shoved down his throat, so all he could do was try to copy

it. Country Joe's 'Together' album reeks of gimmickry. Sorry Joe, but stick to the pretty twelve-string dischords and the dream fantasy lyrics. We'll even buy it when it's real.

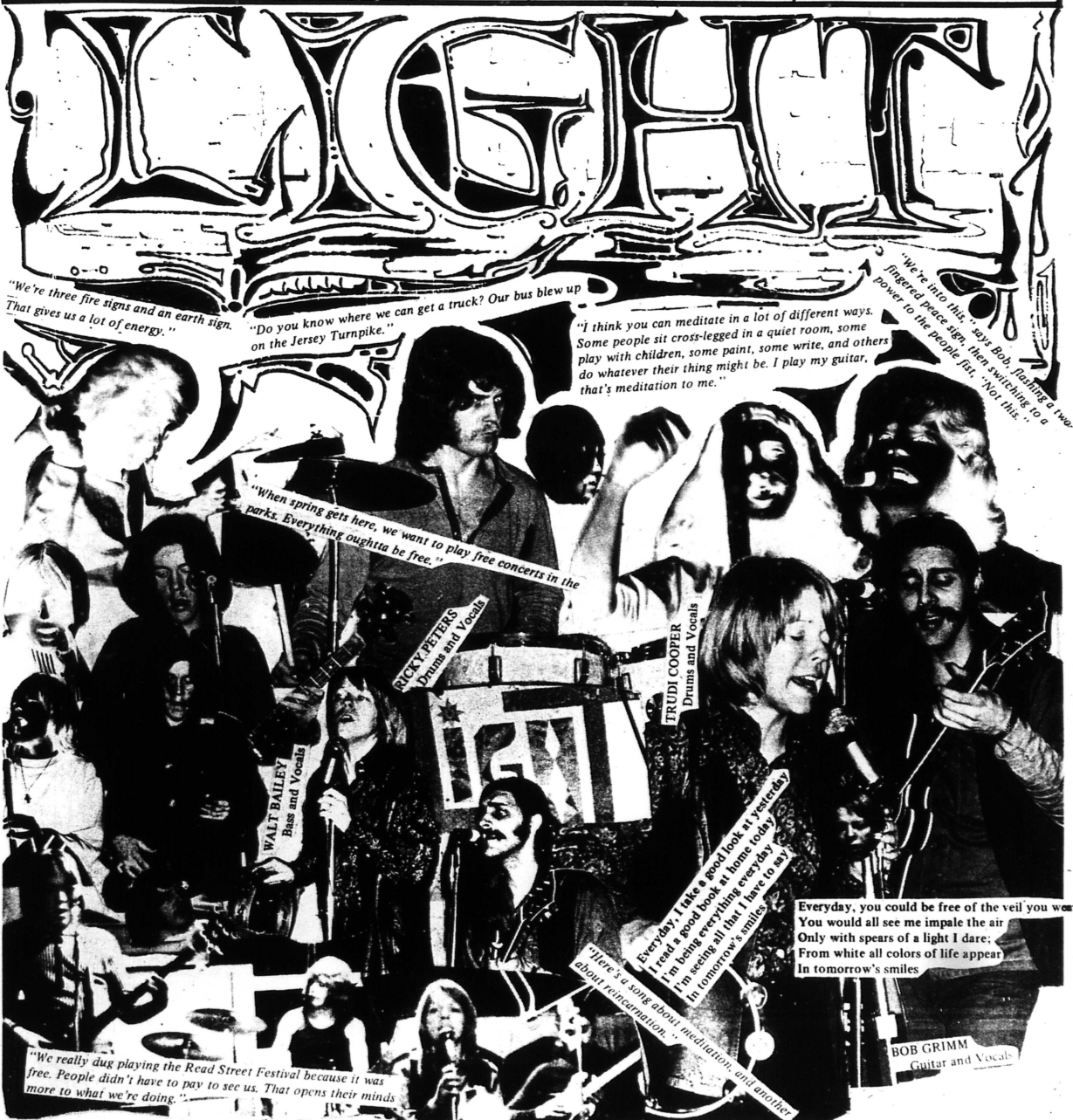
"OK, I'll play your little 'Baltimore Sound' game. What is it, who is it, and where can I go to hear it?"

What it is, I already covered as best I can on a general level. Where it is, will be covered in the Calendar, as we find out. Who it is, will be covered in this column, a band at a time, as we learn about them.

Not many people even know that Baltimore has it's own music much less it's own sound. But I've found about 20 to 30 bands running around here - getting their shit together and playing some really neat music. Some are still young, and unevolved, but time and practice will

tell their story. Others are ready to record and do their thing on a national level. They don't all sound alike with this rock and soul thing. The "soul" part is just an influence, a damn strong influence, like the cement and steel is to New York bands and the flowers and acid is to San Francisco bands. It's like the Airplane, the Dead, and the Fish, they don't sound at all alike but they have an attitude in their trips that's very similar to one another. This I find in Baltimore. "Aux," "Light," "Ames Oaks," "X," "Grin" are just a few of the bands that represent it.

You don't hear much about them, but I think that's because of the lack of media in Baltimore, i.e., no rock FM station, no Filmore Auditorium type scene. Maybe some of that will even be getting together soon.



# FILM

## The Year's Eight Best

by ELLIOTT SIRKIN

The eight good movies to come to Baltimore in 1969 (a ten-best list is a pretty strange idea — not because movies can't be rated, but because no year is going to come up with that many really good movies) are *Shame*, *Stolen Kisses*, *Belle de Jour*, *The Battle of Algiers*, *Medium Cool*, *Midnight Cowboy*, *Easy Rider*, and *Goodbye Columbus* — in about roughly that order. A few of them are definitely remarkable movies, the sort that probably will be kept alive in revival houses and at college movie showings right through the seventies. And a few of them are just decent, hard-working, sturdy films, most of which will most likely look as feeble and self-conscious in a few years as, say, *The Americanization of Emily* and *Sweet Bird of Youth* do now. Anyway, up until a few months ago, this was a very good movie year. For Baltimore.

*Shame*, Ingmar Bergman's overwhelming vision of a planet wrecked by its people and deserted by its maker, has got to be 1969's most brilliant work of movie art — and Bergman's as well. The story of two artists whose frail marriage is blown apart by a war that's been going on so long that no one can remember how it started, it represents a very uncommon kind of film-making — drama written for the screen. As Jan and Eva Rosenberg, the young couple deprived of the power of forgiveness by all the night bombings, Gestapo-type interrogations, and post-disaster interviews with enemy telecasters, Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann give the year's finest, and certainly its most memorable, acting performances. Von Sydow is creased and pathetic as Jan, the perfect anti-Christ; Liv Ullmann's Eva is womanly and strikingly beautiful, very strong. The scalding realistic photography is by Bergman's habitual cinematographer, Sven Nykvist, and it's flawless.

The hero of *Stolen Kisses* is also the hero of one of Francois Truffaut's earlier masterpieces. Again, he's Antoine Daniel, the fierce little protagonist of *The Four Hundred Blows*, now only twenty-four, and given up trying. Truffaut controls the movie effortlessly, his leisurely, coasting style the perfect metaphor for his bemused and very charming way of looking at people. Jean Pierre Leaud, handsome in a shy, well-bred way, once more acts the main role with easy confidence and no even remotely phoney moves. As the radical young music student who teaches him to butter toast on both sides, Claude Jade glows sweetly. And as the shoe-merchant's wife who teaches him a few things of greater importance, Delphine Seyrig is blonde and magnetic. It's a very generous, humane movie; if only it didn't persist in blowing itself away.

In 1964, Gillo Pontecorvo wrote, directed, and scored *The Battle of Algiers*, a minutely documented movie about the first anti-colonial uprisings in French Algeria. Last year, it finally trudged into Baltimore, but it was so good that its absurdly late coming made really no difference. Pontecorvo's music is even more gauche and sentimental than Nino Rota's for *Romeo and Juliet*, but his movie is better staged and better written than anything that's been released here in the past two years. The script's presentation of the French military, making it into something premeditated, self-deluding and inexorably shrewd, is exceptionally effective. And the pivotal scene — a discussion between the Arab Garibaldi and a young radical convert — outlines the dialectics of anti-imperialism with quiet, unobtrusive skill, never turning doctrinaire. Also, Pontecorvo's directing of crowds is worthy of D.W. Griffith, and the movie is timed brilliantly. Unfortunately, the tone of the film is so aggressively "objective" that it sometimes seems dehumanized. That's a distinct advantage in the torture scenes, where the neutrality of the story-telling style also captures the brute indifference of the civic police; but in the rest of the movie, it can be disconcerting, giving you the feeling you're watching something that nobody cares about. But better the factual stiffness of most of the scenes than the patronizing benevolence of the secret Arab wedding ceremony.

*Belle de Jour* is a very funny movie, richly perverse, almost a landmark in dirty comedy. The movie, a fantasy about the odd sexual reconstruction of a glamorous housewife, would be interesting if only for its polished, and very witty, decor; as in all good pornography, there's always something made out of leather around — a book, a chair, a raincoat. The director, Luis Bunel, uses Catharine Deneuve very cleverly, dragging her around the screen in her pastel underwear and very obviously keeping her as much in the dark as possible as to what the movie's about. But although Deneuve's groggy beauty is perfectly in keeping with her character's big hang-ups, it still seems that it would take more than a traumatic childhood rape to set off the completely anti-erotic passivity that her face always suggests. Pierre Clementi, as the iron-toothed mafioso who wears lavender socks, looks mean and is very openly enjoying himself. So is scrawny Genevieve Page, who plays a very efficient whore-house boss and gives one of the year's two outstanding supporting actress performances (the other being Dyan Cannon's infuriating and moving Alice in *Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice*.) There's also a disturbingly grotesque chaste scene, and some good, gross jokes.



The grace and libido with which Hassel Wexler handles his camera in *Medium Cool* are amazing — amazing and verging on genius. It overcomes not only the simple-mindedness of some of the script, but also some of the worst deficiencies in the over-all conception. Not that the movie's idea isn't a good one; it's about time some one got around to dramatizing the effects of mass communications on the quality of mass thought in America, and Wexler does a good job in a lot of ways — managing to see a lot of things whole. The roller-derby scene makes the one in *Petulia* look like a carousel ride, the Godard-like sequence in the black militant's slumden should be enough to smash what's left of *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner?*, and the bedroom work-out that Robert Foster gives Mariana Hill leaves Faye Dunaway and Kirk Douglas in *The Arrangement* looking even sillier than they already are. The acting is also shockingly alive: Vera Bloom, an actress with a soft, tragic smile, stands out as an Appalachia mother stuck in Chicago; so does Harold Blankmash as her son. And whoever plays a nervous little twerp giving marksmanship lessons to a bunch of dagger-faced hausfraus is very good, too. The dialogue, also by Wexler, is keenly hooked into colloquial urban speech. One line of which still sticks with me: "This guy Mailer, he is really crazy, I mean he's out of his mind." Lunacy is a virtue now, depressing as that sounds.

John Schlesinger's *Midnight Cowboy* is very much the sort of social-conscious horror story that Theodore Dreiser wrote and popularized at the beginning of this century, only brought up to date. It's about a dumb, helpless combination of Sister Carrie and Clyde Griffiths, made into a whore and then a murderer by a brutal, greedy civilization; so, of course, it draws its impact from an obviously very

limited view of the inadequacy of modern existence. The New York of the movie is a bizarrely caricatured one, inhabited by Park Avenue hookers, derelicts, underground pseudopeople, "hippies," depraved teenagers, and, above all, television sets. But it's all done very tactfully and very consistently, so most of it works surprisingly well (one glaring exception: the bit that has Fifth Avenue shoppers stepping blithely over a dead body.) The caricaturing also drains out the sentimentality that's an inescapable function of the plot. And as Joe Buck, the city's prey, Jon Voight is impressive and adept, keeping his face muscles incredibly slack, and emphasizing his character's heartbreakingly naive stupidity. Opposite him, Dustin Hoffman's flair for mannerism is a big



help, his Ratso Rizzo being a technically unassailable performance — all rasps and leg-shakings. The subliminal flashbacks, of which there are many, are handled badly, even worse than in *Rachel, Rachel*. That's because the editing is so lousy — there, and the fantasy scenes, too.

*Easy Rider* has the guts and the brains to know that its themes (the America that was; the infeasibility of freedom, even for the supposedly free) are scarcely original or provocative. To that end, Dennis Hopper's back-handed, subtle direction keeps the movie from ever becoming offensively simple-minded or trite and makes an intelligent, civilized movie out of it. Hopper's acting is also very good; it makes Wyatt noisy and pushy and slow to catch on, without ever making him dislikeable. Jack Nichols as the hideously slaughtered George Hanson, is much too conscientiously "boyish" and "innocent" to come out true, and his acting has been

### "MOVES LIKE MACHINE GUN FIRE."

—Leonard Harris, WGBS-TV

20th CENTURY FOX

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CAST: PAUL HENREID, PHILLIPS GARDEN, JEAN PIERRE CASSOL, JOHN CLEMENTS, JOHN GELBERG, JACK HANNOX, KATHARINE HARRIS, LAWRENCE OLIVER, MICHAEL REDGREN, WENDIE REDGREN, RALPH RICHARDSON, MARGARET SMITH, SEAN WYNN, JOHN WILLIAMS

**BRIAN DUFFY** **RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH** **RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH**

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2, 4:30, 7, 9:30



wildly over-praised by most critics. But what's genuinely aggravating about critical response to the movie is the inane controversy it has set off, with some of the dumber reviewers complaining that the film glorifies scag — pushing because its heroes are dealers — as if the heroes of a movie had to be "sympathetic" or admirable. Visually, the movie is very powerful, although there are a few too many shots of the blackheads in Peter Fonda's nose. The soundtrack rock also helps, especially during the dull stretches; there should have been more of it.

*Goodbye, Columbus*, taken pretty faithfully from the Phillip Roth novella, is the sensible kind of comedy that doesn't seem to be around any more, at least not in this country, but it has one disquieting flaw. Turning stupid, dotting Mr. Patemkin, the sink manufacturer, into a sweet, earthy old dear is a bad mistake in terms of the movie's values: In Phillip Rothland everyone — kids, adults, and spiritual leaders included — is a monster, and there can't be any exceptions without throwing the whole thing off balance. But the dialogue is sharp, blistering sometimes, and what's more important in a movie like this, plausible. This is Richard Pearce's first directing effort, and his handling of the material is a little sloppy and haphazard — a catered wedding sequence being allowed to drag on way too long and rather pointlessly. His sensitivity to the suburban-Jewish environment makes up for that, though (not having the Patemkin car-fleet plastered with Radcliffe decals just must have been an oversight), as does the movie's snappy pacing. The Neil is Richard Benjamin, and he's funny, if a little reserved. The Brenda is Ali MacGraw, and she's inept, but in her own lineoleum-coated way, nice to look at.

Of course, there were a lot of good things done in some not very good movies. James Fox's dry, spunky impersonation of Gordon Craig in *The Loves of Isadora* is the year's real best supporting actor performance, and Vanessa Redgrave's weirdly comic work in that movie's title role is also fine, even though

she doesn't dance very well. John Greeling's cinematography for *The Wild Bunch* is stunning, much better than the movie. As the dance-hall hostess heroine of *Sweet Charity*, Shirley McLaine is dewy and touching, giving her first good performance since *The Children's Hour*, eight years ago. Whenever Petula Clark smiles at Peter O'Toole in *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*, Leslie Bricusse's awful music seems to vanish. The team-work of Liza Minelli and Wendall Burton in *The Sterile Cuckoo* is secure and well-judged. Gene Hackman's best performance yet is as the intuitive, loud-mouthed sidekick in *The Gypsy Moths* — a movie that has an erratically excellent script by William Hanly. In *Weekend*, Jean-Luc Godard's control of the color is very sly, as is his use of the canting voice-overs about the future of revolution. As the steely little bitch in *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*, Pamela Franklin gives further proof of her being the most gifted young actress in movies right now. In film criticism there have been Pauline Kael's weekly column in *The New Yorker*, Vincent Canby's *Sunday Times* pieces on the academy awards and the insanity of the super-musicals, *Voice* critic Andrew Sarris' remark that American movies have gone "from soap opera to dope opera," and Stephan Farber's intelligent writings in *Film Quarterly* and *Hudson Review*.

Bothering with the year's worst movies is like sorting out garbage. It's all right for Judith Crist, but I don't have to do it. Just hope that this year there'll be no more corny, self-pleased comedy-Western extravaganzas like *True Grit*, *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, and *Paint your Wagon*. And no garbled adaptations of good books (*Justine*, *The Magus*) or further maulings of bad plays (*The Killing of Sister George*, *The Lion in Winter*, *The Impossible Years*.) And never again anything as vile, as sub-cretinous as *Johanna*.

## THEATER

### THE WATCH PIT by Dale Edrancy

Do all roads lead somewhere? Perhaps to the Pit? New York City playwright Kit Jones seems to think so, as indicated by the theme of his three act play, "The Watch Pit", running through Thursday, Friday and Saturday (the 15th, 16th and 17th) nights at the Corner Theater.

Mr. Jones leads us into a stylized Garden of Eden stocked with four children at play, but there's no need for something as obvious as a serpent on this trip. The kids have it all inside themselves with their games of "War", "Alienation", "Change Sides" and "My Cock Is Better Than Your Pee-Hole". After a few slaps, knocks and digs at each other, the kids, led by Toady, discover the bottomless

Pit. There's something really freaky about this Pit, for its lower reaches are shrouded in shifting mists, and an eerie, compelling music pours from its maw.

The music is so compelling that Peoh, one of the girls, is drawn — or perhaps pushed by the other kids — down into the Pit. In a *deja vu* sequence, she cries with dawning comprehension, "Why me? It's never been like this before!" And that's the last we see of Peoh. The remaining three, Toady, Marink and Marvi the girl, all realize there's nowhere to go from there, for the punishing Pit of Forgetfulness has cleaned their minds of who, what and why they are, as well as whence they came.

Toady, having discovered the Pit, also realizes his life's calling. He is to be Watch Pit, Official Student and Keeper of the Record of the Pit, and lo, the Pit gets behind this trip by ejaculating a massive ledger in which Toady can keep his testament. Marink, strongly and stubbornly independent of the Pit which groceries, flowers, money and other goodies on demand, must be a Builder. His Architectural Dream is to create a monumental (to Peoh) Sun Pile, a red-capped pyramid as high as the Pit is deep. And Marvi. Marvi is sick unto death so that she collapses in spasms and then fades swooningly offstage, only to return and flourishingly fling her bloody panties

into the Pit. Blasphemy! Having thus established her physical and sexual basis in the play, she moves to Marink's side to be his mate by default.

Although under Toady's thoughtfully faithful attention, the Pit is an exceedingly good provider, Marink is driven to declare his independence. The Pit, however, in rare good humor, vomits up a spear for Marink's hunting and war-making. Toady, however believes that Marink, God's Hunter, doesn't deserve such a powerful, bountiful, humorous and forgivingful Pit.

Following Marink's impassioned Declaration of Independence/Pledge of Allegiance, Marvi is compelled to rip off ALL her clothes and advance to the edge of the Pit. While Toady solemnly records all in the Book of the Pit, Marvi and Marink fuck forward, backward and standing up amid the thunder and fire flashing from the Pit. And the die of the evolutionary pattern was cast.

Act two opens on page 320,52 of the Book of the Pit, for time is reckoned in pages, not days or years. The second expedition to seek out other people had been mounted over 10,000 pages ago. Marink maintained that the world had been circled, although Toady's calculations indicated a fifty-mile circle had been traversed.

Cont. on page 18

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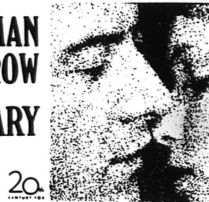
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# SOUND

## Music For Our Time

By William Bland

The first creative act of man was the creation of an artificial environment. The second creative act was the creation of an environment better than the first. These attempts at improvement have resulted in not only great architecture, but great literature and music as well. And it is to this end that a listener endures the indignity of sitting in a fixed seat with a non selective group of associates, trying as hard as possible to concentrate on the "improved environment" of the concert hall. In the relative past, the music had the impression of purification or ornamentation (re-baroque or classic-romantic). Contemporary music comments on, criticizes, agrees with, or otherwise infiltrates contemporary life, hereby releasing the have: of aural escape the pseudo-sophisticated once called their own. For in order to understand modern music one has to live a modern life, that is to say, the listener has to acknowledge the existence of war and peace, hunger and opulence, perversion and the natural self.

Two concerts on Sunday, January 12, brought to Baltimore the reality of self introspection, and, as might be expected, failed with most of the audience. The Kontarsky brothers played at the Baltimore museum as duo-pianists, and their program contained pieces by Pousseur, Zimmerman, and Cage. The audience laughed at Zimmerman, endured Pousseur, and was hostile to Cage. The reasons for the inacceptance of these composers are apparent and practically insolvable. Each piece has a disturbing quality to it, and that is the inescapable reality of having to listen to the piece being performed. For in this music there is no chance of waiting for the next climax to be overwhelmed in, no beautiful tonic to feel secure in, no familiar theme to be smug about...there is only the newness of the music, the demand for an individual response from the individual listener. There is no security of rhythm to unify and nullify our hearing, no spoken messages to be told about, nothing concrete to lash out and hate because of some inward concept.

From a purely musical standpoint, the Cage was the best played in terms of the cooperation between the Kontarskys. The overlapping harmonies and the delicate clusters of sound provided an ethereal effect not unlike reading a Hesse description of landscape, or seeing a deKooning painting. With everything considered, anyone who refuses to go to a concert like this because of a caustic disdain of "classical music" not only is infinitely more provincial in intellect than imagined, but also is refusing to take part in a very real aspect of their physical milieu.

The evening concert of electronic music at the cathedral of Mary Our Queen was better received, even though it should have been walked out on. For some strange perversion of identification, such a new phenomenon as music produced by machines is much more accessible than the previously mentioned music. This is perhaps because we have to have a new concept totally devoid of recognition before we can accept the reality of such an object; for if a new aesthetic has as its apparent basis the familiar or known, we tend to think that any reluctance on our part to accept this new thing is a negation of the older object, be it physical or psychological (sic) fact.

While the potential in electronic music is vast, the pieces performed Sunday were not only dated but also dull. All the old clichés were everywhere in evidence, and the final improvisation at the end was so uninspired as to be laughable. To be fair, however, one has to admit that the performer was greatly hampered by the odd placement of the instruments. Even so, the percussion was of the Sousa variety, and some contemporary rock groups have much more subtle uses for manipulated voice. Two of the pieces had social connotations: "Peace for T'Bone" and "ET TERRA TREMUIT." Nowhere in either of these pieces did I find anything inspired or inspiring either about social conditions or because of them. If these composers feel so strongly, let them quote Marcuse or King instead of making innuendo. In music, if you have something to say, you'd better say it. It is unfortunately all too easy to couch real interest in the fictitious title or intent (and of course, this applies to politics as well as art) in an attempt to make your audience feel as if they must accept this sincere effort.

In conclusion, I have to add the fact of the vast incongruity of listening to electronic music on a church pew in a gothic (in the true sense of the word) cathedral. This lack of mobility, and this ultimate fixation are defeating not only to the music at hand, but in an individual's attitude to the type of art in general. The association tends to be strong to combine contemporary art and discomfort as two equal entities. This looks absurd in print, just as it should, but think about how real that association is, and you will have part of the reason for the disassociation of contemporary music from contemporary surroundings and time.

## THEATER

Cont. from page 17

Already in his middle years, Marink has unsuccessfully tried to hunt, farm, build and provide independently of the Pit. His and Marvi's firstborn died. His only showing to date is a less-than-half finished scale model of his Sun Pile, the completion of which will stop the sun in its tracks, causing a holocaust and earth changes. And the Pit still provides.

In a fit of pique at the Pit, Marink declares war on Toady and the Pit. The twenty-page war is doomed to failure, however, for by dissociating himself and his troop from the Pit's provender, he reduces his army to starvation rations and must capitulate.

The spectre of Peoh re-enters the scene when her wondering voice is again heard from the Pit, but the preoccupied on is chiefly Marvi's; Marink the General Father, Hunter, Farmer, Explorer has once more become Marink the Sun Pile Architect. Even in the midst of delivering another stillborn child, he is off in the clouds while Toady remains his caustically objective and witty, yet extraordinarily compassionate self. [

The last act opens on page 8,000,000. Marink and Marvi have grown old, while Toady, using his mind as he's always done, has aged relatively through wisdom with the Pit. As the last page of the Book

of the Pit is recorded and turned over, Kit Jones fully develops his theme of where we're at and where we can go. If he's not presented an archetypal model of civilization from the Book of Genesis through the IBM punch card, he has certainly painted four of the faces of every man before - and in spite of - his God.

The production was excellent in every respect. Paul Hjelmervik was superb as Toady, the sensitive observer, recorder, guardian of the faith, and Clifton Pottberg and Majorie Hirsch were well and passionately matched as Marink and Marvi. Loni Ingraham is touching in her role as the ill-fated Peoh. Lighting and sound were exceptional, both in quality and coordination, and the direction of Michael Makaravich could not be faulted.

## Record Review

by LENNIE BRADFORD

ROBBIE BASHO:  
VENUE IN CANCER  
BLUE THUMB BTS-10

Basho is one of those guitarists from the Folk Revival (among whom I note John Fahey, Stefan Grossman and John Renbourn, among others) whose musical style evolved from traditional guitar style to new kinds of music which were individually unique. The music that each of these guitarists plays is essentially Classical in conception, although the influences drawn upon range from Indian to Ragtime. Basho, who once recorded for the long-extinct, D.C.-based on Takoma Records, as did Fahey, now re-appears on a new label out of California, Blue Thumb. Nearly all the selections this album involve a melody played against

a repeated arpeggio. This is an extremely common device, and I often found myself desiring some rhythmic variation. However, Basho's interest lies in harmonic structures, and many of these are unusual indeed. I am reminded in some ways of Debussy, particularly "The Preludes."

One piece on the first side, "Kowaka D'Amour" is in essence a Japanese sonata, taken from the style of music played upon that most interesting of Japanese instruments, the Koto. Basho's 12-string guitar is able to reproduce many of the same tonal variations as the Koto.

Three of the selections contain Basho's famous voice, the upper range of which seems to have no limit. Two on the second side are quite impressive—"Song For The Queen," a Gaelic allegory, and "Wine Song - (Sweet Wine of Love)" which was inspired by Persian poetry. (I am pleased by this rare return to the style of lyric known ordinarily as "art song.") The former song is arranged for French horn and viola besides Basho's 12-string. All the other compositions are for 12-string guitar solo.

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Television is healthy and good for your mind. Watch it often. You will soon see your intellectual status in the community begin to rise and you will learn neat things like, who fixes the weather lady's hair, and which kind of mouthwash is best for you, and what four out of five doctors recommend, and how many pounds Jackie Gleason lost, and eobs and hordes of other useful information to aid you in finding your self and expanding your consciousness.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 27			WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 28			THURSDAY, JANUARY 29			FRIDAY, JANUARY 30			SATURDAY, JANUARY 31			
6:00	2	News	5:30	11	News	5:00	24	Movie "Under Pressure"	4:00	24	Movies 1. "Terror At Midnight"	5:30	11	News	
	11	Duckpins & Dollars	6:00	2	News						2. "Thunder Over Tangien"	6:00	11	Duckpins & Dollars	
	13	News		11	Duckpins & Dollars	5:30	2	Movie Pinbusters			3. "Trial Without Jury"		13	News	
	24	Lucky 24 Ranch		13	News		11	Speaking Freely	5:00	13	Movie "McHale's Navy Joins The Air Force"		24	TBA	
		"Sons Of The Pioneers" (PT 1)		24	Lucky 24 Ranch		67	Movie "Convicts Four"		67	NET Journal	6:05	67	Folk Guitar	
	67	Teacher Training "Uses of Drama"		67	"Sons Of The Pioneers" Green Thumb	6:30	13					6:30	11	News	
6:30	2	News	6:30	11	News	7:00	2	News	5:30	2	Amateur Hour	6:30	24	Waterfront	
	11	News		13	News		11	News	6:00	2	News		67	What's New?	
	13	News		24	Waterfront		67	People in Jazz		11	News			"The Children & Snowy Heron"	
	24	Waterfront		67	What's New	7:30	2	Jackie Gleason	6:30	2	Death Valley Days	7:00	24	American Bandstand	
	67	What's New?		11	"Cape Kennedy"		11	Andy Williams		13	News		67	Teacher Training	
		"Sea Shell Safari"	7:00	11	News		24	TBA		67	NET Playhouse	7:30	2	GunsMoke	
7:00	2	News		13	News		67	NET Festival "Solti Master Class"	7:00	2	Lassie		11	My World & Welcome To It	
	11	News		24	Let's Talk Sports	8:00	24	TBA		11	Four Tonight		13	It Takes A Thief	
	13	News	7:30	67	Koltanowski On Chess	8:30	2	My Three Sons		13	Land Of The Giants		67	U.S.A. Poetry	
	24	Time Out For Sports "Martin In Africa"		11	TBA		11	Adam-12	7:30	2	To Rome With Love		8:00	11	Laugh In
	67	Designing Women "Sewing & Fashion"		13	Flying Nun		24	A Piece Of The Action		11	Walt Disney		24	Baltimore 70	
				24	Twin Circle Headline "Dope"		67	Producers Choice "Flowering Cherry"	8:00	2	Ed Sullivan		67	World Press	
7:30	2	Family Affair		67	News In Perspective	9:00	2	Green Acres		13	F.B.I.	8:30	2	Here's Lucy	
	11	Daniel Boone	8:00	11	Bullets Basketball (Philadelphia)		11	Movie "Last Safari"	8:30	11	Oral Roberts		13	Movie	
	13	Pat Paulsen		13	Movie "Love Me Or Leave Me"	9:30	2	Upbeat		24	The Big Picture		24	Stories of Success	
	24	Delmar Delaney Hayloft "Country & Bluegrass Music"	8:30	2	Brady Bunch		13	Hollywood Palace	9:00	2	Glen Campbell Bonanza	9:00	11	Movie	
	67	French Chef		24	Hogan's Heroes	10:00	2	Mannix		13	Movie "Hombre"		24	"In Enemy Country"	
8:00	Jim Nabors		24	TBA		24	Gospel Tabernacle Hour	10:00	2	Mission: Impossible		9:30	2	Disco Day	
	13	That Girl		67	NET Playhouse "A Song of Summer"		67	"New York Rock & Roll Ensemble"		11	Brass Tacks (Penal System)		10:00	2	Carol Burnett
8:30	11	Ironside	9:00	2	Movie	10:30	13	Newlywed Game		24	Movie "Daughter Of The Jungle"	10:30	67	Koltanowski On Chess	
	13	Bewitched	10:00	11	"Trial Without Jury"		24	Pauline Wells Lewis Show		67	Advocates "Indian Reservations"	10:45	24	News	
		Pattern for Living "Flames Of Envy"		13	"Married Alive"		13	News	11:00	2	News	11:00	2	News	
9:00	2	Movie		13	Love American Style		24	Movie "Pride of Maryland"	11:00	2	News		11:15	11	News
	13	Tom Jones	10:30	67	Spectrum	11:15	11	News		11:15	13	News		11:15	11
	24	That Girl	10:40	24	News	11:25	2	Movie		24	Living Word		11:30	2	Merv Griffin
	67	Jim Dale Reviews	11:00	2	News	11:30	13	Movie "Bright Victory"	11:30	2	Merv Griffin		13	Dick Cavett	
9:30	11	Dragnet		11	News		11	Johnny Carson		11	Movie "My Enemy, This Town"	11:45	11	Johnny Carson	
	24	Movie		13	News	11:45	11	News	11:45	6	Movie "Lucky Men"	1:00	2	News	
	67	"Fighting Chance"		67	News		13	Movie "Devil's Deal"		13	News				
10:00	U.S.A.: Dance		11:25	2	Movie		13	News		13	News				
	11	Dean Martin	11:30	11	Johnny Carson	1:45	13	Movie "Devil's Deal"		13	News				
	13	Paris 7000		13	Dick Cavett										
10:30	67	Urban 30	1:00	13	Movie "Creature From The Black Lagoon"										
10:50	24	News													
11:00	2	News	1:05	11	Movie "Adventures of Captain Fabian"										
	11	News													
	13	News													
11:30	67	News													
	11	Merv Griffin													
	13	Johnny Carson													
	13	Dick Cavett													
1:00	2	News													
	11	News													



# NOTHING EVER HAPPENS IN BALTIMORE

## THURSDAY, JANUARY 22

CONCERT - "Balto. Symp. Orch." Janis, pianist, Freccia, cond. at Lyric Theatre 8:30 pm

POETRY - "Denise Levertov" at Goucher College Center, 8:30 pm

ROCK - "Light" at Mardi Gras Supper Club, 6810 Hartford Rd. 9:00 pm

FOLK - "Dion" at The Main Point 874 Lancaster Ave. Bryn Mawr Penna. LA 5-3375

## FRIDAY, JANUARY 23

FOLK - "Greg Seagle" "Bruce Caudle" "Chris Mac Kenzie" at Coffee Grounds, Roland Ave. & Oakdale Dr. 8:00 pm

CONCERT - Goucher - Hopkins Chamber Music, Daniel Abrams, cond. Goucher Center, 8:30 pm

ROCK - "Port City" at Dark Corner, 3610 S. Hanover 8:00 pm

ROCK - "Light" see Jan. 22

FOLK - "Warmth" at Seed of Discovery, 236 E. 25th St. 9:00 pm

ROCK - "Calhoun" at Bluesette, 2439 N. Charles St. 8: pm

FOLK - "Dion" see Jan. 22

ROCK - "Meat" at Ball and Chain, 2120 Maryland Ave., 8 P.M.

## SATURDAY, JANUARY 24

MEETING - "Repeal the Draft" at Woman Women's Intl. League for Peace and Freedom, Stony Run Friends, 5116 N. Charles St. 1:00 pm

FOLK - "Lorraine Nelson" and "Mike Winiker" at Ozymandian Ruins (JCC) 5700 Park Hts. Ave. 8:30 pm

ROCK - "Calhoun" at Dark Corner, see Jan. 23

ROCK - "Light" see Jan. 22

FOLK - "Warmth" See Jan. 23

ROCK - "Aux" at Bluesette, see Jan. 23.

BENEFIT for Red Dragon - "Bette" White "Michael Hunt" "Vos Cantu Monemus" "Dave Taylor Jewish

Twosh" at St. David's Church at Roland Ave. & Oakdale Dr.

FOLK - "Dion" see Jan. 22

## SUNDAY, JANUARY 25

ROCK - "Light" see Jan. 22

FREE CONCERT - "Aux" "Ames Oaks" "Calhoun" "Rasputin" "Meat" "Aubrey Circle" "Good Grief" and others, at Bluesette, 2439 N. Charles St. NOON - TIL...

FOLK - "Dion" see Jan. 22

## THINGS EVER HAPPEN IN BALTIMORE

92 ARVAVNYA JAVDNOW

## TUESDAY, JANUARY 27

MOZART'S BIRTHDAY

## WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 28

ROCK - "Light" see Jan. 22

## THURSDAY, JANUARY 29

CONCERT - "Andres Segovia" guitarist, at Lyric Theater 8:30 pm

ROCK - "Light" see Jan. 22

FOLK - "Hedge & Donna" at Main Point

## FRIDAY, JANUARY 30

FOLK - "Michael Quitt" at Coffee Ground see Jan. 23

CONCERT - "Moscow Phil. Orch." Kondrashin, cond. Lyric Theater 8:30 pm

ROCK - "Illuminati" at Dark Corners, see Jan. 23

ROCK - "Light" see Jan. 22

ROCK - "Ames Oaks" at Bluesette, see Jan. 23

FOLK - "Hedge & Donna" at Main Point see Jan. 22

FOLK - "Bette White" at Towson State College 8:30 pm

## SATURDAY, JANUARY 31

CONCERT - "Balto. Symp. Orch." Ogden Nash, narrator Miedel, cond. at Lyric Theatre, 8:30 pm

FOLK - "Villa Novas" at Ozymandian Ruins see Jan. 24

SCHUBERT'S BIRTHDAY

ROCK - "Blackfoot Smoke" at Dark Corner, see Jan. 23

ROCK - "Light" see Jan. 22

ROCK - "Meat" at Bluesette, see Jan. 23

FOLK - "Hedge & Donna" at Main Point see Jan. 22

FOLK - "Greg Kihn" at Sanity Inn, St. Bartholomew Ch., 4711 Edmondson Ave. 8:30 pm

## SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 1

ROCK - "Meat" "Calhoun" "Ames Oaks" "Aux" and others at Bluesette 2439 N. Charles St. \$1.00, 1:00 to 6:00 pm

BENEFIT FOR HARRY

CONCERT "Trumpets of the Lords" at Goucher College Center, Towson 8:30pm

ROCK - "Light" see Jan. 22

FOLK - "Hedge & Donna" at Main Point see Jan. 22

## THEATER

### humanoid

Jan. 21 thru Feb. 21 - "The Tempest" by Shakespeare at Center Stage-685-5020

Jan. 9 thru Feb. 1 - "My Three Angels" by Sam and Bella Spewack at Spotlighters Theatre-817 St. Paul St.

Jan. 23, 24 and 30, 31 and Feb. 6, 7 - "Carniver" by Richard Gillespie at Corner Theater, Cafe-728-4707

### celluloid

MAYFAIR - "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" 539-7128

NEW - "Hello, Dolly" 727-7108

LITTLE - "Butch Cassidy & The Sundance Kid" 539-7396

HIPPODROME - "On Her Majesty's Secret Service" 539-4775

Jan. 29: "Tick...Tick...Tick..."

PLAYHOUSE - "Putney Swope" 235-0430

FIVE WEST - "Oh! What A Lovely War!" 837-1956

SEVEN EAST - "Help", "Yellow Submarine"

CINEMA I, II - "On Her Majesty's Secret Service" 252-2256

THE PARAMOUNT - "Midnight Cowboy" 426-6875

TOWN - "File of the Golden Goose" Jan. 29: "Cain's Way," "Golden Goose"

CREST - "On Her Majesty's Secret Service" Jan. 28: "Easy Rider" 358-5300

REISTERSTOWN PLAZA - "Cactus Flower" 358-6565

PIKES - "Marry Me, Marry Me" 486-5848

CHARLES - "The Arrangement", beginning 1/18: "The Secret of Santa Vittoria" 685-7773

TOWER - "John and Mary", 539-3434

### continuing

Community Supper - Thurs. 6pm at Learning Action Center, 321 E. 25th St., 3rd floor. Bring food to share.

Womens Liberation Meeting - Thurs., 8pm. 3037 Guilford, 2921 St. Paul.

GI Organizing Meeting - 1st and 3rd Wed. 2912 North Calvert, 8pm

Seminar in non-violence - Wed. at Learning Action Center, 321 E. 25th St., 3rd floor, 6pm

Folk dancing - Thurs. at Johns Hopkins Levering Hall, 8pm \$75

Baltimore GI's United - Sat. nights at 3903 Old York Rd. 7 pm.



## BENEFIT

HARRY GETS A PARTY

### AUX

### MEAT

### AMES OAKS

### CALHOUN

FEBRUARY 1, 1970

One American Buck

### BLUESETTE

2439 N. Charles St.  
1:00 pm to 6:00 pm



## occult

LECTURE and meditation - Bob Hieronymus at Johns Hopkins Levering Hall, Tuesdays, 8 pm

MEETING - Theosophical Society, 525 N. Charles St. Weds., 8 pm

HEALING SERVICES - Mt. Washington Methodist Church, Smith Ave. and Falls Road. 10 am Thurs.

BABAJI KRIYA YOGA - Yogi S. A. A. Ramaiah at 2929 N. Calvert St. 6:30 pm Fridays. Donation.

A. R. E. STUDY GROUPS - on Edgar Cayce; Mr. & Mrs. Ludwig 284-7078 Tues., Wed., Thurs. 7:30pm: Sun. 1pm

SPIRITUAL FRONTEIRS FELLOWSHIP Mr. Henry Hurt, 507 Park Ave. - Towson - Send for information

HATHA YOGA - Etta Cohen. 486-2427 Daily by appointment.

SPIRITUALISM - Temple of Wisdom Church, 39th St. & Greenmount, Daily 7:30 pm

ROSICRUCIAN A. M. O. R. C. - O'Donnell Lodge, 137 E. North Ave.

LECTURE - Aquarian Age Bookstore 811 N. Chis. St. 752-5014. Various Speakers and topics. Weds. 8 pm

EUCHARIST as presented by the Master Lord Christ, through the angel of the Presence. The Liberal Catholic Church (St. John the Divine) - 213 E. Mt. Royal Ave.

TO HAVE ITEMS INCLUDED IN THE CALENDAR, call 243-2150, or write  
CALENDAR  
"HARRY"  
233 E. 25th Street  
Baltimore, Md. 21218